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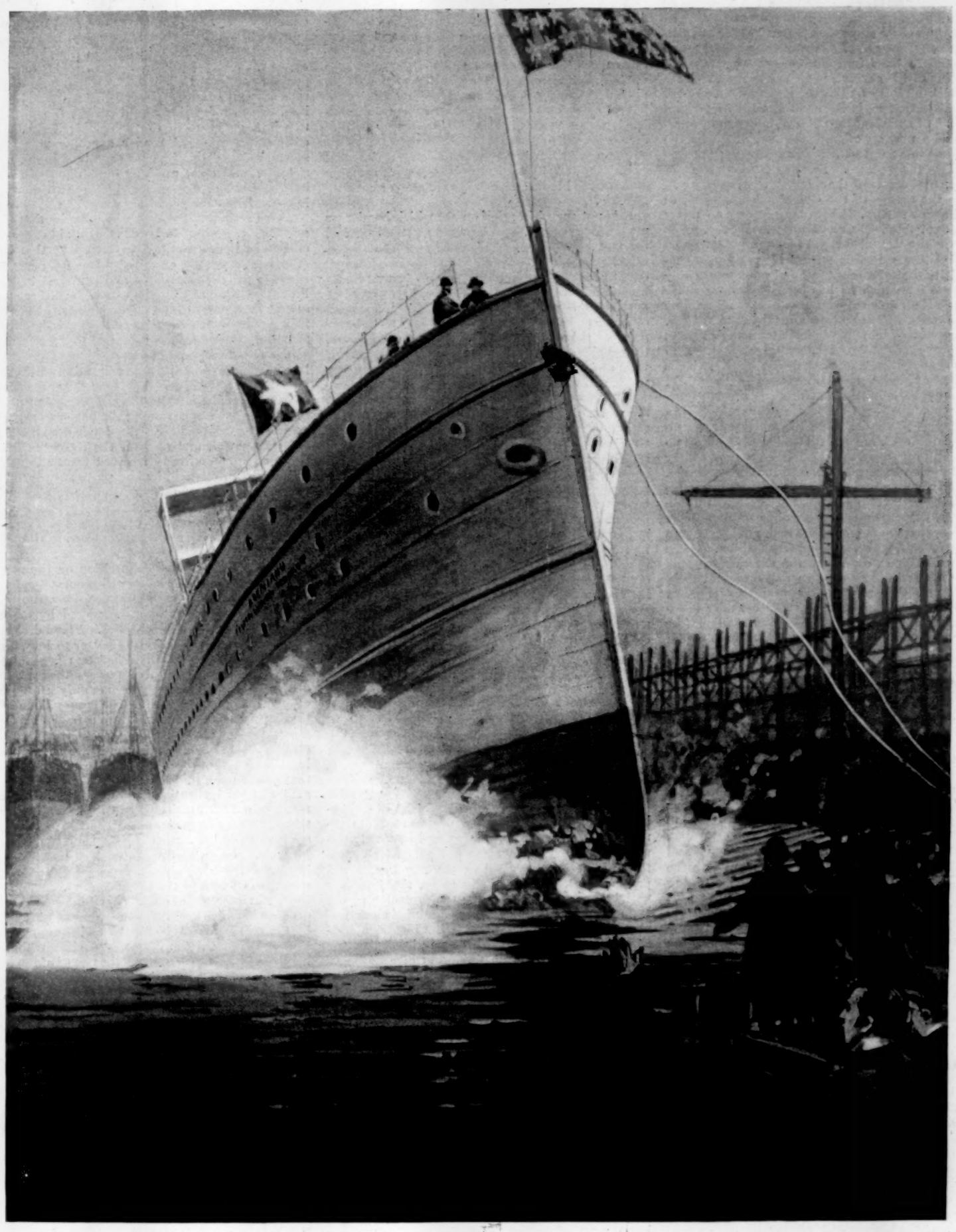

THE LAUNCH OF THE NEW LAKE STEAMER "NORTH LAND," AT CLEVELAND, OHIO, JANUARY 5, 1895.

DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 91.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE CRISIS IN FRANCE.

THE sudden abdication of CASIMIR-PERIER as President of the French Republic was not only a serious disappointment to those who believed in the sincerity of his patriotism and the firmness of his character, but a most baleful blow at republican government in France and the cause of free institutions in Europe. The President of the French Republic is elected for a term of seven years. The members of his cabinet sit in parliament, and are expected to represent the parliamentary majority. Whenever that majority turns against them on a question of sufficient importance they go out of office, and a new set of ministers, appointed by the President in accord with the parliamentary majority, takes their places. But the President is not subject to the vote of the majority. He is, according to the theory of the Constitution, assumed to stand above parties. There may be ever so many changes of ministries, or of party majorities, while he holds the Presidency, yet they are not supposed to affect him. In this respect his position is substantially that of a constitutional monarch during the time for which he has been elected, reigning through the ministers who are directly responsible to parliament. While they are subject to change, he represents during his official term the element of stability in that governmental system. And this element of stability, limited though it be, is nowhere of greater importance than in a republic.

It must be admitted that this system of parliamentary government has worked far from well in the French Republic. The French people, politically considered, are not divided mainly into two great, well organized and disciplined parties, which, as is the case in England and in the United States, regularly contend for the possession of power between them, but into a number of factions and subfactions, with their particular aims or ambitions, which sometimes combine and then fall apart again in the most freakish and unruly fashion. Some of these factions, especially the extreme ones on either side, wishing to put in evidence the shaky condition of the present political and social order, make it their special business and consider it excellent sport to upset ministries, and are therefore ready at any time to enter into any combination for that purpose. Under such circumstances majorities in parliament are extremely uncertain, and it happens not unfrequently that a ministry wins an overwhelming triumph one day, promising it a long period of undisturbed ascendency, and is voted down and ejected from power a few days later on an issue suddenly sprung upon it. Thus it happens that the average length of life of French ministries since the establishment of the republic has been only a few months.

This is, no doubt, an extremely unsatisfactory state of things, and the task the President has to perform, whenever a ministry has been overthrown, to construct a new one, may be very irksome and distasteful to him. But he has been put into the Presidential office for the very purpose of doing this thing. There is nobody else to do it, and it must be done. It is, in fact, the President's principal function. His power to exercise this function, coupled with some discretion, constitutes the most important, if not the only, factor of regulated constancy in the political fabric, and it is of the highest moment, therefore, that it should not be permitted to become subject to change by the warfare of factions. That a President so situated should be exempt from personal attack in parliamentary debates, or on the hustings, or in the press, may be very desirable, but in a republic where speech and press are free and party spirit runs high, this is hardly to be expected. Neither will it be expected that he should take notice of such attacks, as a public man in less exalted position might feel himself called upon to do. But least of all is it compatible with the peculiar character of his office that he should permit himself to be driven out of that office by hostile demonstrations or adverse votes like a responsible minister. If he does that, he betrays the most important of his duties, the highest of his trusts.

And this is what CASIMIR-PERIER has done. According to his own whining statement of the reasons which moved him to abdicate, he has, frightened, or angered, or disgusted by factious criticism and clamor, run away from a position which a man of true character and fidelity to duty would have maintained to his last gasp, especially at a moment when the situation was aggravated by a ministerial crisis. It is useless to say in his justification that the attacks he had to suffer were of extraordinary virulence and could not be borne in silence without dishonor; for his predecessor, SADI CARNOT, had hardly less to bear, but, mindful of his duty, he passed through these trials with a calm dignity which extorted respect from friend and foe, and inspired the whole world with renewed confidence in the stability of republican government in France. It is still more useless to say that CASIMIR-PERIER may have intended to administer to the French people the lesson that they cannot subject their chief magistrate to defamation and insult without throwing the machinery of their government into confusion; for what he really did accomplish was to encourage the factious disturbers with the belief that, if they keep up the reviling clamor long and loudly enough, they may hope not only to overthrow ministries, but to drive out of power the President himself. He has thus struck a vicious blow at the prestige of the Presidency, and virtually stripped it of its most essential attribute—that of being an element of stability. Thus he has made the position more difficult for his successors than it has ever been before.

It is not surprising that an act which has, by no means too severely, been branded as "desertion in the face of the enemy" should have been almost unanimously condemned by public opinion, not only in France, but all over Europe. Its evil effects became at once apparent. The socialists were jubilant over an event which they considered, not without reason, as the giving way of one of the supports of the existing order. On the other hand, the royalists raised again the cry of "vive le roi!" which had hardly been heard in France for many years, and one of the pretenders rushed from London to Dover to be in easy communication with the remnants of the monarchical party in France. All classes of revolutionists and intriguers are inspired with new hope and prepare for new activity, and all Europe, but recently reposing in a dream of assured peace, is again in a state of troubled expectancy as to what the French caldron may bring forth. Meanwhile the number of those who believe that the only salvation of France is in a military dictatorship has no doubt largely been increased by the humiliating performance of the man who with puerile petulance threw away the civil office of the Presidency as a thing too hot to hold in one's hand.

M. FÉLIX FAURE, who has been elected as CASIMIR-PERIER'S successor, is a republican of moderate views, trained business abilities, and excellent personal character. It is to be hoped that he will take SADI CARNOT as his model and CASIMIR-PERIER as a warning example. But it will require more than ordinary tact and dignity on his part and an unusual concurrence of favorable circumstances to undo the mischief wrought by the unworthy conduct of his predecessor.

A BLOW AT COMMUNISM.

THE Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia has recently rendered a decision of the utmost importance to the country, and its timely significance seems to have escaped general observation. If it is recognized as the law by the Supreme Court, as it is likely to be, the judiciary will become more than ever the protector of the Federal government against communistic assaults. To the country at large this is the important feature of the decision, which was, in brief, that the grant of bounties to the producers of sugar, provided by the MCKINLEY act and repealed by the existing law, was unconstitutional. As Assistant Attorney-General WHITNEY said in his brief: "We are rapidly passing out of a comparatively *laissez-faire* period into one of state socialism. Immense projects for state interference are on foot, and being pressed by large and growing bodies of voters. Probably many socialistic experiments are soon to be tried. Congress tends more and more to the consideration of measures without regard to their constitutionality, leaving this question to the courts for decision. We are confronted with the question, Shall the socialistic experiments of the next generation be made by the States or by the Federal government? Shall the industrial life of Massachusetts, of Mississippi, of Montana, be regulated by the people who actually live it, or by a large mass of voters the majority of whom are strangers to its traditions and its methods? The old question of local self-government *vs.* centralized authority will have a peculiarly serious aspect when the next century opens."

The court adopted Mr. WHITNEY'S view as to the lack of power of the Federal government, and held that Congress has no right to levy a tax for the benefit of a private person, or to take the property of all for the benefit of one or of a selected group or class; that the power to tax for the promotion of "the general welfare" cannot be construed to give to Congress the right to say that the enterprise of individuals is in aid of that welfare, because what the Constitution means by the "general welfare" is indicated by the expressed grants of power to the legislative branch of the government. Judge SHEPARD says, in expressing the opinion of the court: "If it may be for 'the general welfare of the United States' to encourage the production of sugar by the grant of a bounty, it is hard to conceive why the producers of corn, wheat, cotton, wool, coal, iron, silver ore, etc., might not be paid a bounty also. If Congress be conceded the power to grant subsidies from the public revenues to all objects it may deem to be for 'the general welfare,' then it follows that this discretion, like all admitted powers of taxation, is absolute. Such a doctrine would destroy the idea that this is a government of 'delegated, limited, and enumerated powers,' render superfluous all the special delegations of power contained in the Constitution, and open the way for a flood of socialistic legislation, the specious plea for all of which has ever been 'the general welfare.'"

This decision is the first which denies that Congress has the power to levy taxes in aid of private citizens or their enterprises. It is true that Congress has frequently exercised this power; but, fortunately for the cause of sound principle in legislation, no instance of such exercise furnishes a precedent in support of the sugar bounty. That law falls by its own demerits. All its kindred have stood on other than the "general welfare" clause of the Constitution. The protection in the tariff law is concealed under the declaration of the purpose to raise revenue. The bounties to old soldiers are paid under the war power. Grants to railroads are bestowed under the power to regulate commerce. The cod-fishery bounties were based on the war power, and also on the theory of drawbacks of money already received from the fishermen for salt duties. The bounty to sugar-growers was a frank gift of money in order to encourage their business, and the Court of Appeals has declared, in an opinion and on an argument both of which are convincing, that Congress has not the power to grant such a bounty.

Although this is the first decision on the power of Congress to enact such legislation, it follows a large group of anti-socialistic decisions, the most notable of which have been rendered by the Supreme Court of the United States. These decisions deny that the States have the power to levy taxes for private use or profit. The State Legislatures have all proper legislative powers that are not denied them. Congress possesses only those powers that are granted to it. The courts have held that although a State Legislature is freer than Congress, and possesses broader powers, it cannot tax all the people for the benefit of fewer than all unless the Constitution of the State expressly confers that power upon it. Such a tax is contrary to the genius of our institutions and our form of government. In 1798 Justice CHASE said, "A law that takes property from A and gives it to B is necessarily invalid." Justice MILLER, in the case of Loan Association *vs.* Topeka, decided that a law of Kansas authorizing cities to appropriate or borrow money to encourage the establishment of manufactories was unconstitutional. This is the well-known decision in which occurs the sentence so often quoted by the opponents of protective tariffs, and which cannot be quoted too often. "To lay with one hand," said Justice MILLER, "the power of the government on the property of the citizen, and with the other to bestow it upon favored individuals to aid private enterprises and build up private fortunes, is none the less a robbery because it is done under the forms of law and is called taxation." These decisions have been followed by the courts of the States. In New York the power of taxation for private purposes has been denied. In Massachusetts a law authorizing the city of Boston to lend money to the sufferers from the great fire of 1872 for the purpose of rebuilding was declared unconstitutional. If this power does not reside in the State Legislature, it follows that Congress, which has only delegated powers, does not possess it. The decision which the Court of Appeals has just rendered in the sugar-bounty case was inevitable as soon as the question was submitted to the courts. But it comes now at a most opportune time as an answer to the communists who are clamoring for government aid for every kind of enterprise in

which men engage—for loans on wheat and corn, for seed and funds for the sufferers from loss of crops, for the advance of capital to those who would like to be farmers if they were not obliged to earn the means of buying and preparing the land. The excuses for diverting the public revenues to private ends are as various as the wit of the thriftless is ingenious. The socialistic war upon the Treasury has been bred and fostered by the communistic legislation of which the now overthrown sugar bounty is an example. The communism of the rich protected industries is directly responsible for the communism of the Populists.

The danger is decreased by such a decision as this. Therefore it is one of the most important decisions ever rendered by a United States court. Taken in relation to the immediate economic and social conditions of the country, no more important decision has ever been rendered. It saves the Federal government from the raids of communism and from socialistic experiments. The crazy projects of the collectivists must be carried on, if this decision stands, within the narrow confines of the States. As Mr. WHITNEY puts it, "Industrial life must be regulated by the people who actually live it." And even within the States the power to levy socialistic taxes is so greatly limited that the injury of socialism is minimized in this country. Once more we have to be grateful for the supervisory power over legislation which our written Constitution has bestowed upon the judiciary.

A VERY SIMPLE QUESTION OF LAW.

IT is too soon to pass final judgment on the merits of the demands made by the associated working-men upon the Brooklyn street railways last week, the refusal of which led to the general strike. Public opinion seems vaguely to hold that the men have been hardly treated, being required to work unreasonably long for low wages. It will probably be found that this question is not one of fact, but of theory. That is to say, in the present state of the labor market, workmen are so abundant and employment and wages so scarce, that, under open and free competition, the services needed could easily be obtained for the wages paid. But those who believe that actual wages ought to be determined, not by the price at which competition can obtain the work, but by the reasonable needs of the working-men, will sympathize with their demand for a comfortable support, irrespective of the market value of their labor. Economists will insist that, on the whole, the wages of labor, like the prices of other commodities, must be fixed by competition until some other reasonable and consistent method of fixing them be devised; while employers will still be pressed by their own kindly impulses and by a charitable public opinion to deal more liberally with their men than a crowded labor market requires.

But there is one question of interest brought into prominence by this strike on which there is no reason for suspense of judgment. A large body of socialistic and anarchic agitators, having made a great discovery in the law, are trying, by the help of "counsel," to apply it in coercing the companies. It is a familiar legal principle that a corporation which enjoys a public franchise is bound to render reasonable service to the public, and its wilful failure to do so makes it liable to forfeit its charter. Hence, they affirm, the street railroads which refuse to carry passengers when the strikers are ready to conduct the cars are violating the conditions of their creation; and the Mayor and all city authorities are besieged with clamorous demands that they proceed at once against the delinquent corporations. A mob, which had been all day stoning cars and terrorizing the streets to prevent the companies from doing their work, organized itself one evening long enough to declare, as "a mass-meeting of the citizens of Brooklyn," that this default must be punished by the legal destruction of the companies. Men supposed to be lawyers supported the resolutions, and newspapers claiming to be sane and respectable publish them with approval.

According to these sages, then, every railway company holds its franchises and property at the mercy of any conspiracy that can contrive, by whatever means, to interrupt its service. If a body of working-men are dissatisfied with its management, they have but to stop its cars, and its existence must end. If they can do this by quitting its service, while offering to return on condition that it surrender all its profits and its control to them, the road must choose between accepting these terms and forfeiting its franchises. If a mere refusal to work is not enough, they may use violence to prevent others from working, and destroy its property. By any means, in themselves legal or illegal, they may coerce the company to commit the highest offence it is capable of, and then have the penalty inflicted for their benefit. If this, or anything like this, is law, the future of "organized labor" is easily foreseen. Railroads are no longer the property of the shareholders, and the vast capital invested in them has been thrown away. The companies are under the imperative necessity of yielding to any demand which a considerable body of their workmen may make. The strongest inducement is offered to these men to make their demands exorbitant. A contest for the control and practical ownership of the nation's highways, between the shareholders and the labor unions, must begin at once, and the complete triumph of the latter is sure. The results to the country at large may readily be imagined.

It is only because men with some claims to the possession of reason are treating the proposition seriously that it is worth while to point out the absurdity of this notion, long ago suggested by DEBS and some of his wild counsellors in Chicago, but now first lifted into a semblance of sanity by Brooklyn lawyers. That any man or corporation can be subjected to a penalty at law for acts or omissions which are wholly involuntary is false. The law holds no person, whether natural or artificial, responsible for not performing duties which are rendered impossible by the acts of others. There is no sane officer or court in Christendom which will entertain an action, brought in substance by a conspiracy which has prevented a company from exercising its franchise, to enforce its forfeiture. If the strike leaders really wish to know their legal rights and to act according to law, let them seek counsellors who know something of the elementary principles of law, and dismiss the advisers who are making them ridiculous.

SECRETARY GRESHAM'S BLUNDER.

THE Secretary of State has sent to the President, and the President has transmitted to the Senate, documents which confirm what Mr. JULIAN RALPH has said in the WEEKLY concerning this government's moral responsibility for the torture and execution of two Japanese students.

It is clear from this correspondence that the United States assumed the proper protection of Japanese residents in China. Our minister and consuls in China took upon themselves the duty of preventing the unjust punishment of peaceful Japanese. The Chinese charged that the two Japanese students were spies, and on that ground demanded their surrender. The United States should not have surrendered them so long as there was reasonable ground on which to deny the charge. This is not disputed. But Secretary GRESHAM accepted the word of the Chinese that the two young men were spies, and that they would not be executed until Minister DENBY'S return. In doing this he declined to accept the evidence of the agents of this country, his own subordinates, who were appointed to their offices for the purpose of giving him accurate and honest information.

The officers of the United States who were on the spot reported that the two Japanese were not spies, but were students, as they asserted that they were. Nevertheless, Mr. GRESHAM ordered Mr. JERNIGAN to deliver them up to the Chinese authorities. In consequence of this surrender the two young men were beheaded before Minister DENBY'S return, and there is little doubt, moreover, that they were tortured before they were executed.

Mr. RALPH'S story as printed in the WEEKLY is abundantly confirmed by the official correspondence, and yet this is the story whose accuracy Mr. GRESHAM saw fit to deny. It may be that he still disbelieves the statements of his diplomatic agents who agreed with Mr. RALPH, but if he does, he has made no movement to compel their recall. In support of the soundness of his own conclusions, he seems to rely upon the certificate of the Chinese minister, who is not likely to be an unbiassed witness. His plea that the Japanese cannot and do not complain, and that no one else ought to, is hardly worthy of a man occupying his high position. This is a case involving the interests of humanity. China is a barbarous nation, and exceptional relations prevail between her and civilized powers. It is the practice of her government to torture prisoners. It is not its practice to accord fair trials. It was the duty of the government of the United States to prevent the torturing of these students, and their execution without a fair trial. That it did not perform this duty was due to Mr. GRESHAM'S failure to realize what humanity required of him and his subordinates in dealing with a barbarous people.

FOR WORTHIER PUBLIC ARCHITECTURE.

THE disagreement between the Secretary of the Treasury and the architects has been composed. The trouble should have never arisen. Its cause was hasty temper that clouded understanding, but, fortunately, wisdom and calmness have at last prevailed. It may be assumed to be the settled policy of the government that its public buildings shall hereafter be erected on plans furnished by the architect who is selected for the work after proper competition. The old state of things is doomed. The country has suffered to the verge of its patience from the terrible inflictions of the Supervising Architect's office. Congressmen have discovered that an architect at Washington, with so little standing in his profession that he can afford to accept a place from which he receives a salary of only $4000 a year, is presumably incapable of constructing monumental buildings, all of which cost important sums, while on some of them millions are expended. These public buildings should be appropriate and beautiful. The country that does not employ its highest talent and ability on its public works is afflicted with the dull inappreciativeness of ignorance. So long as the government continues to be a builder, it ought to be the worthiest builder in the country, the builder that seeks to advance the popular taste for art and to deepen popular sympathy with the best and truest forms of expression in architecture. To make the plans and to superintend the construction of public buildings ought to be among the chief prizes for which American architects contend.

Congressmen have discovered also that the present system deprives all the other architects of the country of this opportunity, and that a change will give the practitioners of their own districts a chance to plan and build the government structures in their homes. They have accepted also the showing made by the architects that, in competent and professional hands, the public buildings will be constructed better, more quickly, and more economically than now. The new policy of the government was expressed in the act about whose administration the misunderstanding arose on the part of the architects concerning the intentions and policy of the Secretary of the Treasury.

The old act was crude and incapable of administration. The Secretary, wishing to bring about the same end as the architects, has agreed with them on a new measure which is both comprehensive and practicable. It provides for a Commission on Public Architecture, consisting of "three architects of high scientific and artistic attainment and large practical experience, and two officers of the Engineer Corps of the United States army." This commission is to "discharge all the administrative duties relating to the procuring of designs and the appointing of architects for all buildings hereafter erected by the government of the United States." Every design is to be selected by competition between five architects chosen by the commission by ballot, no architect being eligible for competition "who has not had at least ten years' experience as an architect-in-chief, and unless he can satisfy the commission, through work already done by him, or otherwise, that he is competent to take charge of the economical construction of the building." Provision is made for a limited payment for unsuccessful plans. The commission is to select the successful architect, who shall be appointed by the Secretary of the Treasury, who is *ex officio* chairman of the commission, the Supervising Architect being its secretary and administrative officer. The successful architect is to superintend the construction.

The bill has been reported favorably by the House Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds, and is before the House. As it simply provides an effective way of carrying out the policy already expressed by Congress, it ought to pass without delay.

DEFAMATION OF CHARACTER.

THE Sultan of Turkey is enjoying a new sensation. The character of his government, and by implication his own, have been assailed. Some unprincipled people in London, calling themselves—no doubt untruly—Armenians, have ventured to assert that there have been some very undesirable massacres in Armenia which were perpetrated by Turkish soldiers under the orders of Turkish officials. The painful part of the business is that a good many people have actually believed them. Meetings have been held in more than one Christian country, and several of the governments of Europe have said unpleasant things on the subject, and even gone so far as to insist upon a formal inquiry into the whole matter. And the Sultan is seriously annoyed at the damaging imputations cast upon the very admirable system of government which, as he well knows, prevails in his dominions.

The longer he thinks of the matter the more annoyed the Commander of the Faithful evidently feels. Just at first he contented himself with obtaining the usual denials from all parties concerned—that is, of course, all parties accused of massacring Armenians—for obvious reasons the views of the others were not produced. Strange to say, this did not give entire satisfaction, and he then proceeded to invite the nations interested to send commissioners and take evidence for themselves. This offer having been accepted, and the commissioners having been selected, the Sultan has been steadily growing more angry at the infamous slander ever since. It is surprising also what a quantity of valuable evidence has been cropping up in all sorts of unexpected quarters, all of it tending to show that there was no massacre, and that if there had been, it would certainly have been committed by the Armenians, while the victims, beyond all doubt, would have been the long suffering soldiers of the vice-regent of the Prophet. It is wonderful how many people have been found who had been in the district and never heard of anybody who had even been harshly treated.

The worst of it is that the very elements seem to be in league against the Sultan. With singular perversity the snow has rendered it out of the question for the commissioners to proceed with the inquiry. This is, of course, very trying for the Sultan, whose one desire is no doubt to get a perfectly fair and unbiassed verdict in the affair. Possibly he may find some little consolation in the fact that he is being meanwhile tried and acquitted by a jury consisting of a few influential newspapers, who propose to save the commissioners the trouble of going through the form of taking evidence on the spot, or from the people who may be supposed to know something about it. The progress of this trial by newspaper correspondence cannot fail to be most gratifying to the Sublime Porte. One advantage of the new system of trial is that the court begins to give its verdict from the very commencement of the trial. This naturally saves a great deal of suspense and uneasiness to the accused, and is therefore far preferable, especially when people of position and influence, like a sultan, for instance, are concerned.

On the whole, perhaps, what between the snow in Armenia and the friendly offices of some of the press, the Sultan need not complain very bitterly. It is just possible that had the commissioners held their inquiry at once, some evidence might have been forthcoming which the snow now conceals. There may be worse things than snow and more awkward witnesses than newspaper correspondents.

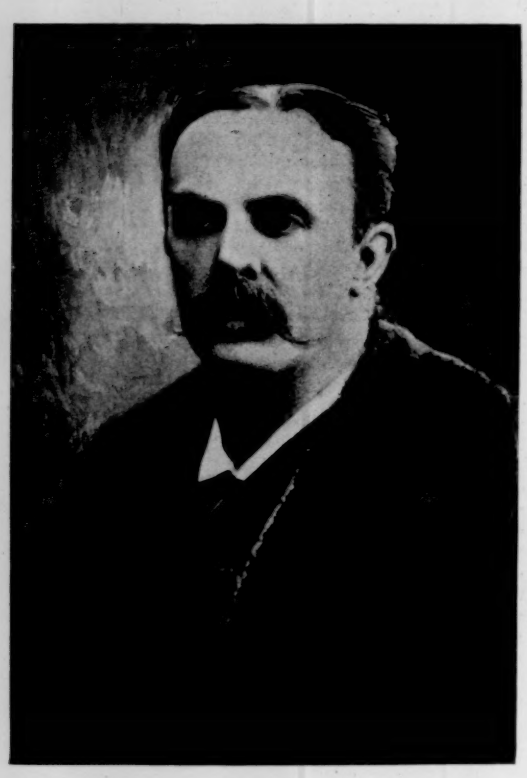
THE FRENCH PRESIDENCY.

A RAPID and impartial sketch of the political events which have lately occurred in France will throw some light upon the motives of the unexpected resignation of M. Casimir-Perier. He has alluded to them in his last message to the French Chambers, when saying that his constitutional position left him defenceless, and that the Conservatives, who had almost compelled him to accept the power, being unwilling to protect him against the frightful attacks and insults of the Radicals and Socialists, he owed it to his dignity to resign his functions. It is difficult indeed to those who do not read French papers or reports of debates in the courts and in the Chamber of Deputies to imagine the violence of the language which was used by the adversaries of the ex-President. Unfortunately this was due in a great part to the indiscreet declarations of his friends, who proclaimed him as the representative of the wealthy classes, the incarnation of capitalism, when he intended, though being a millionaire, to represent the whole nation, and not any special portion of it. Moreover, M. Casimir-Perier's physical appearance was not of that kind to conciliate him the warm sympathies of a people belonging to that Latin race so easily influenced by exterior form. His high stature, splendid figure, and almost soldierly bearing could not counteract the antipathic effect produced by the cold haughtiness of his face, on which smiles seemed to have never appeared.

When President Carnot was assassinated at Lyons, June 24, 1894, France actually fell into a paroxysm of terror, which had been originated and gradually increased by the dynamite attempts of Ravachol, Vaillant, Emile Henry, and the band of anarchists. M. Casimir-Perier was hailed by the Conservatives as a "sauveur de la société," and elected President on the first ballot at the Versailles Congress by 451 votes against 195 for M. Brisson, 97 for M. Dupuy, and 53 for General Février, Chancellor of the Legion of Honor. This occurred on the 27th of June, and four days later the new President walked bareheaded all through Paris, behind the coffin of his murdered predecessor, despite the entreaties of his friends and the police authorities, who had some motives to fear that the anarchists might attempt the life of M. Casimir-Perier. This evidence of civic courage did not prevent the enemies of the new President from immediately opening against him the series of personal and political attacks which finally drove him to resign his office.

The most persistent and violent of these attacks appeared mainly in *L'Intransigéant*, a daily paper published in Paris under the direction of Henri Rochefort, the famous pamphleteer, whose *La Lanterne* had so much to do with the fall of Napoleon III.'s empire. Rochefort has been in exile since his participation in the Boulangist movement; but from London, where he resides habitually, he sends to his paper the daily "Premier Paris," or leading article, which gives the tune to the revolutionary press of France. He can flatter himself with having largely contributed to the overthrow of Casimir-Perier, who was supported by a few conservative papers, the circulation of which was of no account when compared with those of *L'Intransigéant* and other socialistic organs. The President was daily called a "usurer's grandson," an exploiter of laboring classes, because his ancestors had made profitable speculations at the time of the first revolution, organized the Bank of France, and made a big fortune in the coal-mines of Anzin. M. Casimir-Perier is worth about forty millions of francs, and is one of the largest owners of these mines; he possesses a magnificent château at Pont-sur-Seine, in the Champagne district. He was constantly alluded to as "the King of Anzin" or "the King of Pont." The blue landau in which he used to drive was made an object of ridicule, and he was accused of setting up a kind of court at the Palace of the Elysée. The epithets of "protector of thieves," "defender of blackmailers and bribers," were currently printed in connection with his name. It was said that he allowed his mother to dictate to him, even in political affairs. An old article of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in 1833, was republished and quoted very often to show that the famous château of Pont-sur-Seine had been purchased by his ancestor, Claude Perier, with the proceeds of his alleged usury operations. The President was currently called an assassin, a murderer, because he had not commuted the death sentence pronounced against a private who had insulted his officers. This was placed in contrast with the punishment inflicted on the traitor Captain Dreyfus. It is easy to imagine the nervous effect which such insults could produce upon a man so haughty as M. Casimir-Perier, who was powerless to stay them on account of the almost unlimited freedom of the press in France. Still, when a socialistic sheet, *Le Chambard*, published an article which condensed all the insults and ridicule daily heaped upon the President, its editor, M. Gérault-Richard, was brought before the court. The jury sentenced him to only one year's imprisonment, but he was shortly after elected Deputy for the thirteenth arrondissement, or electoral district, in Paris. It is true that the Chamber refused to permit the Deputy-elect to leave his jail to occupy his legislative seat. But this was a poor consolation to M. Casimir-Perier.

FRANÇOIS FÉLIX FAURE,
Elected President of the French Republic January 17, 1895.



JEAN PAUL CASIMIR-PERIER,
Who resigned the Presidency of the French Republic on January 15, 1895.

While the President had just cause to feel disheartened by these attacks of his political enemies, he would perhaps have been able to resist the continuous assaults of the Radicals and the Socialists, had it not been for the indifference and concealed hostility of his own party. M. Casimir-Perier was a trained politician, though perhaps not a statesman, and his advice and leadership were worth taking into consideration in any Parliament. His grandfather had been Louis Philippe's Premier soon after the revolution of 1830, and his father served as minister in one of M. Carnot's cabinets. He himself had been in turn Sub-Secretary of State, Speaker of the House, and Prime Minister. It seems to have been his fate to succumb to the attacks of the Socialists. He was overthrown from his Premiership, about two years ago, by a vote of the Chamber which blamed his colleague, M. Tonnart, Minister of Public Works, for having prohibited the state railroads' engineers and firemen from attending a congress of their craft.

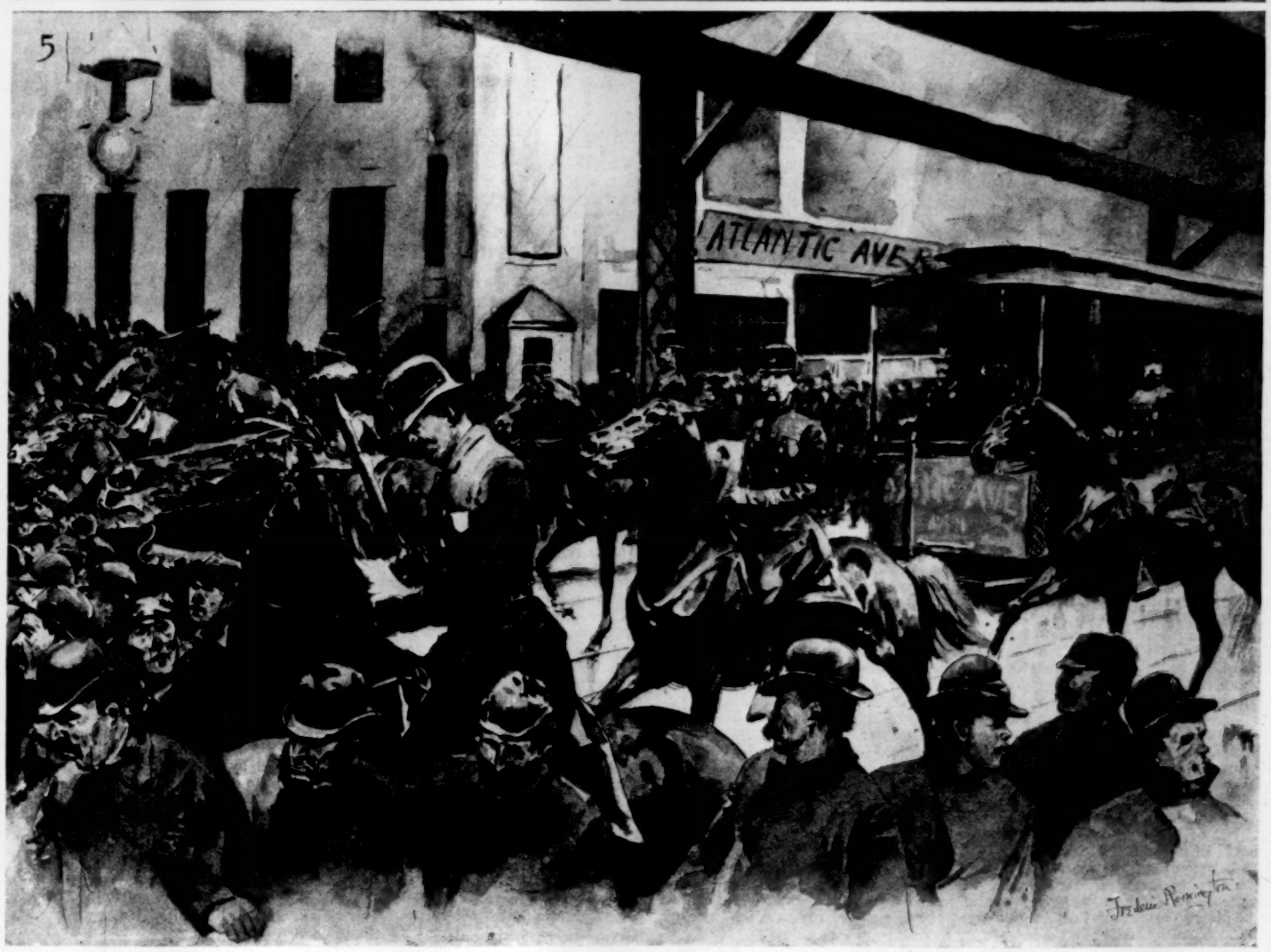
M. Casimir-Perier, as soon as he was elected the standard-bearer of the Moderate Republicans, set to work to fulfil the conservative programme, within the measure of the inefficient initiative and facilities left by the constitution to the French President, who is the slave of his ministers, who themselves are the only ones responsible before Parliament. His great mistake was in keeping as the Premier M. Charles Dupuy, an ambitious politician, who had been his competitor for the Presidency at the Versailles Congress. On the other hand, the Conservative party promptly recovered from the terror into which it had been plunged by the anarchistic crimes and the assassination of M. Carnot. It was disposed to court public favor, and to counteract the electoral influence gained by the Socialists, through opposing or weakly supporting the measures of safety proposed by the government under Casimir-Perier's inspiration. He was then accused by the Moderate Republicans of aiming to secure an effective dictatorship, and to establish a personal government. Meanwhile a series of prosecutions, against the press principally, was commenced, quite awkwardly, for public opinion was unprepared for severity, and the journalists were acquitted by the juries in several trials. A personal friend of the President, M. Robert, a French prefect, who was a candidate for Deputy at Nogent, near Pont-sur-Seine, the residence of M. Casimir-Perier, was beaten by a Radical, M. Bachimont, and the President could thus understand that he was as unpopular in the country as at Paris itself.

This difficult situation came to a climax when the Chamber of Deputies, on the death of its Speaker, M. Burdeau, a personal friend of M. Casimir-Perier, elected to replace him temporarily M. Henri Brisson, a Radical. A few weeks later, at the beginning of this month of January, the Chamber, having met for its new regular session, elected M. Brisson its permanent Speaker. This was loudly proclaimed and generally admitted as an "affront" to M. Casimir-Perier, who received one more blow when his personality was indirectly dragged into a fierce discussion in the Chamber relative to the Railroad Conventions of 1883. These had been concluded at a time when M. Casimir-Perier was only an Undersecretary of State, and consequently could have no responsibility in the matter. Nevertheless, he felt himself insulted by the manner in which the debates were conducted in the Chamber, and by the feeble defence made by the Conservatives against the attacks of the Socialist Deputies, who proclaimed that the Conventions of 1883 compromised the honesty of the cabinet which had signed them.

This was the straw which broke the camel's back. When the Chamber voted that an investigation should be made in regard to the Conventions concluded by Minister Raynal, a former colleague of M. Casimir-Perier, the President felt unable to stand any more attacks, direct or indirect, and he resigned on January 15th.

The new President of France, M. Félix Faure, will be a lucky man if he succeeds, as it is hoped, however, that he will succeed, in occupying his Presidential chair for seven years, the duration of the constitutional term. He is represented as being a second-rate man, at least in politics; but Carnot was not a first-rate politician or statesman, and still he was a good President, since he confined himself within his quiet rôle of a figure-head, which is the only one left to the Supreme Magistrate by the French constitution. It is true that political passions and socialist aspirations have been lately at the white-heat point in France, and that M. Félix Faure will have to face more difficulties than his predecessors. But, unless a revolution should overthrow both him and the Chambers, he is sure to stay in power so long as he will be able to find men willing to form cabinets to replace those thrown aside by Parliament. Nevertheless, it must not be forgotten that he was elected, January 17th, by only 430 votes, most of them given by Senators, and that the Chamber presided over by his defeated competitor, M. Henri Brisson, will not be over-favorable to the new President. M. Faure is the representative of the Opportunist party, which itself represents the small bourgeoisie, whose ancestors made the Revolution of the last century, and which has governed the French Republic since the resignation of Mac-Mahon in 1879. The new President has a great advantage over his predecessor, M. Casimir-Perier; he is not suspected of nursing any ambition to impose his own idea of government, or of being the champion of capitalists. He is not therefore unpopular on his arrival to power.

M. Félix Faure, however, is a wealthy man; although, unlike M. Casimir-Perier, his wealth is the result of his own labor, for he was an ordinary workman at his early age. He was born in Paris, January 30, 1841, but he is generally considered as being a Normand, since he spent most of his life at Havre, where he was commission and shipping merchant, and at one time President of the Chamber of Commerce. During the Franco-German war of 1870–1 he organized a battalion of mobile guards, and went afterwards to Paris with the Havre firemen to assist in stopping the incendiary fires started by the Communists. In 1881 he was elected Deputy from Havre to the Chamber, and entered as Undersecretary of Commerce and Colonies in the short-lived Cabinet formed the same year by Gambetta. He occupied the same position in the Ferry cabinet of 1883–5, and since then he has been elected Deputy in 1889 and 1893. The Chamber chose him for one of its Vice-Presidents, until May, 1894, when he was made Minister of the Navy in the Dupuy cabinet, which was overthrown by the Chamber, and dragged in its fall M. Casimir-Perier. The new French President is a thorough English scholar, and well versed also in the study of economical questions. He has published important works and reports on the colonial, the shipping, and the commercial interests of France at home and abroad, as well as remarkable essays upon the budgets of the different nations. He is a quiet and learned man; but the French people will ask themselves who will be the power behind the throne.



THE STREET-CAR STRIKE IN BROOKLYN.—[See Page 79.]

From Sketches by Al. Hencke and Photographs.

1. On Fifth Avenue. 2. A green Motorman's first Trip. 3. Rioters Holding up a Car, January 15. 4. Repairing a blown-out Fuse—no Assistance required from Strikers. 5. Mounted Police clearing the Way for a United States Mail-Car, January 15.

AMERICAN HELPLESSNESS IN CHINA.

LAST October Mr. Julian Ralph, the correspondent of this paper in the East, wrote from Shanghai an account of the pitiful helplessness of American ministers and consuls in China. The Japanese who were in China as non-combatants were under the impression that the American officials in the Celestial Empire had in some sense been substituted for the officers of their own country, withdrawn at the beginning of hostilities. It appears that the American ministers and consuls in China were also of this opinion, and that the consuls of European powers shared in the belief. Therefore when two Japanese students in the French quarter of Shanghai were accused of being Japanese spies they were given refuge in the American consulate. Then began a correspondence between the Chinese officials and the American officers, which was forwarded to the Department of State in Washington. The Secretary of State was informed by the American officers that to give up these students to the Chinese was simply to send them to their death. Notwithstanding this information the Secretary of State ordered that the students be given up to the Chinese, and they were tortured and executed as Mr. Ralph has described.

When Mr. Ralph's letter was printed in this paper in November it created something of a sensation, for he showed that the authorities in Washington, by not keeping an adequate fleet of war-vessels in Chinese waters, left our minister and consuls in that empire entirely helpless in their efforts to act with humanity in emergencies where their good offices were sought; and further, his letter showed that the acts of the minister and consuls in China were disapproved and annulled in Washington, where decisions were rendered in favor of Chinese brutality and barbarism—these decisions being arrived at on Chinese testimony, and in direct opposition to the evidence and statements of the American minister and consuls, corroborated by the American minister in Japan.

Early in January Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, from his place in the Senate offered a resolution requesting the President to send to the Senate the correspondence and papers in the case which Mr. Ralph had written of with such graphic eloquence. These papers were sent to the Senate the other day, together with a report made by the Secretary of State to the President. The correspondence shows conclusively that Mr. Ralph was entirely right in every accusation that he made, and in all of his statements of fact. Indeed, Mr. Gresham's lawyer-like report defending his own action and condemning the action of his department's agents in the East does not make the showing of American helplessness a whit less pitiful than Mr. Ralph represented it to be. He argues that the exercising by the American minister and consuls of their "good offices" in behalf of Japanese in China did not warrant those officers in doing anything the Chinese would not willingly acquiesce in, and that the exercise of "good offices" in behalf of any accused Japanese did not in any degree confer on such accused persons any extra-territorial rights. Therefore, he argues, there was nothing for him to do except to order that the Japanese students accused of acting as spies should be given up to the Chinese authorities.

Nearly all of the correspondence is between Mr. Gresham and Charles Denby, Jun., second secretary of legation at Peking and son of the minister, who was in this country on sick-leave. The first letter of Mr. Denby junior is to the Chinese ministers, saying that in his opinion Japanese found in China should be permitted to prove their innocence, and that upon them extreme penalties should not be inflicted. He further suggests that deportation to their own country would be in the interest of humanity. To this Mr. Gresham replied that he approved Mr. Denby's suggestion as to humane action, but disapproved his request that extreme penalties be not inflicted. Then Mr. Denby was informed by Mr. Gresham that the Chinese minister in Washington complained that Japanese spies were being protected by the American consul-general in Shanghai. These were the two students apprehended in the French quarter and written about by Mr. Ralph. Mr. Gresham asked why the French consul had not protected the Japanese found in the French settlement. Mr. Denby replied that the Chinese could not take the Japanese within the French jurisdiction, and that the French consul had turned the two students over to the United States consul "because United States protects interests of Japanese." Then he goes on to say: "The United States consul-general reports alleged spies were school-boys peacefully and openly living at Shanghai." Mr. Denby then requests authority to order "an investigation by the United States consul-general with Chinese official present." Mr. Gresham replies: "Consul-general should not have received two Japanese, and is not authorized to hold them. Your suggestion that our consuls act as arbitrators not entertained." Mr. Denby protests in another letter that neither he nor the consul-general at Shanghai has misapprehended the meaning of exercising "good offices," but that the case of the students is exceptional. He says that to give up these lads would form a precedent of great danger to Americans in China in case of a war between China and the United States. He concludes this despatch as follows: "These young men have the fullest sympathy of all foreigners in China, and the advice of the high officials of all nationalities has been not to give them up without conditions."

Under the same date (September 1st) as the last letter mentioned, Mr. Dun, minister of the United States in Japan, wrote to Mr. Gresham, confirming the report of the consul-general in Shanghai, and saying: "The young men accused of being spies are students of a commercial school established in Tokyo, with a branch at Shanghai, the object of which was to impart a knowledge of the commerce of China and Japan, and promote the trade relations between the two countries."

Meantime Mr. Gresham had been in consultation with the Chinese minister at Washington, and it is evident that he placed entire faith in the reports made by that official, for, notwithstanding further and fuller reports from the American officers substantiating what had been said before, the Secretary of State decided that the students must be delivered up to the Chinese. So Mr. Denby sent this despatch to the consul-general: "The Department instructs me that you had no power to receive and are not authorized to hold the alleged spies. Deliver to Taotai." Two days later the consul-general informed Mr. Denby that the young men had been delivered up. They were taken, as related by Mr. Ralph, to Nankin, tortured, and executed.

In defence of his action Mr. Gresham says that the Chinese minister had promised that nothing final should be done until Mr. Denby senior, the American minister, had returned to Peking and had reported on the case. The Chinese minister, when reproached with not having carried out his side of the bargain, replied that Mr. Gresham had misunderstood him. Mr. Gresham, in a letter, told the Chinese minister that he was sure he had not been mistaken, and the Chinese minister replied that if the Secretary of State was sure, he must certainly be right, and he adds, "Your whole conduct in this matter has given evidence of such a high spirit of rectitude and friendship for my government that it would be ingratitude on my part to raise any issue of fact with you."

And so, with this Chinese endorsement of the American Secretary of State, the diplomatic incident was closed. Mr. Lodge, in the Senate, asked that the papers lie on the table, as he wished later to make some remarks. This was ordered.

HOW MAY WE SAFELY ADOPT THE CANADIAN SYSTEM OF BANKING?

"Willst du immer weiter schweifen?
Sieh, das gute liegt so nah."—*Goethe.*

"GOLD as true measure of values" was the text of a speech recently made to the Reform Club; the speaker introduced the subject with the quaint remark that "everybody considers himself an expert on horses and women, wine and finance." A judge of human and animal nature may seldom be deceived by the former; I prefer to estimate wine by the effect it has on me rather than by its flavor. The student of finance will arrive at correct conclusions when he bases his reasoning on correct premises: *silver has been relegated by the common consent of civilized nations to the category of merchandise, and the volume of currency is of less importance than its convertibility.* Because our business is spread over a larger territory, we may need more circulation than England, although we do less business; we have some twenty-four dollars per capita, which would be ample if its convertibility were better assured. Credits are based upon confidence in the stability and true value of the circulating medium; while this amounts only to eighteen dollars per capita in Great Britain, it is sufficient there, because nobody doubts the value of the English bank-note. That we suffer from stagnation is due to a growing distrust in the ability of our government to redeem its pledges. Confidence will revive when we remove the causes which disturb it. We have discontinued purchases of silver, but some three hundred and forty millions of paper issued for the white metal remain in circulation. While these silver certificates are not legal tenders, the faith of the government is pledged to keep their value on a par with gold. An apprehension that we may become unable to keep this promise will continue to disturb us until we begin to redeem it. The conscientious merchant who has issued for the purchase of goods more promissory notes than his visible means warrant will sell merchandise and cancel his obligations until his credit becomes re-established. This same rule applies to nations. A law should be enacted directing our Secretary of the Treasury to sell two million ounces of silver a month; the bids may be accepted at his discretion, as public interests may dictate, but he must sell no less than twenty million ounces a year, retiring and cancelling silver certificates for a corresponding amount. This should be continued until our stock of the white metal becomes reduced to reasonable proportions and silver certificates scarce, so that collectors begin to hoard them as curiosities. The first effect of such a measure would be a decline in the value of silver; mining may be restricted, and interested persons suffer. They ought not to complain, as they have reaped some benefit by our speculative purchases. Eventually the value will be regulated by demand and supply; it is not now enhanced because we keep a large stock for which we have no use. As long as our expenditure exceeds our income, we can ill afford to allow this hoard to remain idle; the hope that we may yet be converted to their idolatry will continue to linger in the minds of silverites until we begin to assail this white mammon. The loss we finally may sustain by the folly of our speculation deserves no consideration when our national credit is involved.

The largest portion of the legal-tender notes which circulate was issued some thirty years ago for the expense of carrying on our civil war; these notes are redeemable at the pleasure of the holder, the government being obliged to keep a sufficient reserve in gold. Banking is not a function for which the national government was created; while its power to regulate commerce may extend to a control of note issues, it ought to assume no direct liability for their redemption unless it is amply secured. (Paragraph 5 of Section VIII. of Article I. of the Constitution authorizes Congress to coin money and regulate the value thereof. Paragraph 3 of the same section authorizes it to regulate commerce between the various States.) But it cannot relinquish this unfortunate business until it has retired and cancelled its own direct issues. Friends of sound money agree that this should be done, and a law passed to provide means by the sale of long gold bonds, carrying interest at two and a half to three per cent. per annum.

But opinions differ as to what measure ought to be taken to provide a substitute for the currency which will then be displaced. Goethe says, "We should not seek at a distance what we can find so near." In founding the system of national banking we intended chiefly to create a market for United States bonds; incidentally we originated the best currency which human ingenuity could have provided for us. Prior to its existence banks chartered by the different States of the Union issued notes, which differed as to their true value. When a traveller started on a distant journey he provided himself with notes current in the places he intended to visit or with coin. I remember the smiling face of the money-broker who assorted my package of bills according to his estimate of values, ranging from one-quarter of one per cent. to five per cent. discount, rates at which I was obliged to sell before the banks would receive my deposit. Great was my consternation when he threw out bills because the banks that issued them had failed, or because there were counterfeits discovered since Thompson's last *Bank-Note Reporter* had reached me. The sources from which such crooked money had come I seldom could discover; at certain periods from 1857 to 1860 uncurrent money was almost unsalable.

Not a dollar has ever been lost on the circulation of national bank notes; they are not legal tenders, but they pass for their face value in the remotest part of the world. A popular prejudice against banks is chiefly based on the erroneous impression that they earn too much money. The Bank of England has paid its stockholders since 1880 average dividends of 9.95 per cent. annually; stockholders in our national banks have received from 7.59 to 10.58 per cent. per annum, almost entirely derived from the use of their capital and deposits in discounting mercantile paper. These profits can hardly be considered extravagant when compared with those derived from other pursuits. Fault is found with the national system of banking because it is not flexible; notes ceased to be plentiful when the business became unprofitable; issues of notes were diminished when the interest on United States bonds was reduced. This condition prevails to-day, but the system may be encouraged by the abolishment of the annual tax of one per cent. and by the issue of notes for the par value of bonds deposited. Such privileges would suffice to furnish a home market for the bonds we may require in redemption of legal tenders; and national bank notes would probably be issued against their deposit in sufficiently large amounts to provide the circulation which we may require, and which would be free from the doubt fastened on other kinds of currency hitherto proposed. The right of withdrawing circulation should no longer be restricted to three million dollars a month, because it deters bankers from entering the business. The natural reluctance to part with them when they are wanted for redemption would delay a retirement of the greenbacks; the slow process of selling the white metal would have similar influence on the withdrawal of silver certificates. When measures have been taken to insure its convertibility the contraction of the currency would be gradual, so that it would hardly be perceived.

But to allay the fear of persons who constantly worry that there may not be money enough to go around, it may be well to provide for the creation of a safe currency which could supplement the present kind of bank-notes in cases of necessity. We might adopt a system similar to that which has found favor with our neighbors in Canada, adapting it to our own conditions. Our government could be authorized to grant charters to banks of issue in the order of their application, with a combined capital not exceeding five hundred million dollars, under some restrictions like the following:

Each bank to have a paid-up cash capital of at least one million dollars; stockholders to be liable for thrice the amount of their holdings, which can be transferred only by consent of the Comptroller of the Currency, who is to scrutinize the responsibility of the stockholders. The government to hold the first lien on all assets of the bank and of the shareholders, as far as they are liable to secure the notes; a cash reserve to be held of 25 per cent. of the amount of circulation; monthly reports to be made to the Comptroller by directors who must personally be responsible for their correctness. (In Montreal fines were imposed of $20,000 on the president and $10,000 on the manager for rendering false reports.)

The Comptroller of the Currency may issue to such banks, at their request, notes to the extent of their unimpaired capital, on the amount of which they should pay a tax of one per cent. annually for the privilege of issuing the notes without bond deposits; the tax to be used first for the expense of preparing the bills and looking after their security, then to create a reserve fund to redeem them in case of failure, as the notes of other national banks are now redeemed by the government.

If these banks want to engage in the business of receiving deposits and discounting mercantile paper, they must keep separate accounts of this part of their business, hold a reserve corresponding with their banking liabilities, as now is required from other national banks, and make separate monthly statements to the Comptroller of this portion of their business. In Canada the departments of issue and banking are not separated as they should be, and as they are separated by the Governor of the Bank of England.

Capitalists are not apt to engage in the banking business for the sake of philanthropy. Institutions of this character could become lucrative by a careful management of their privileges; they could assist in the development of distant parts of the country if they were permitted to establish branches. Such branches would be less expensive and offer better facilities to borrowers than independent local organizations with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars, which we now find in our small towns. Rates of interest would more nearly approximate those prevailing in New York and Chicago; such, at least, is the experience in Canada.*

The agent of a million-dollar bank could serve the interests of his community better than the president of a small local institution, so that the latter would either cease to exist, or become merged in one of these new banks of issue. They also could furnish a circulating medium as it may be needed more readily than is possible under the restrictions of bond deposits.

But as we are in no immediate need of more currency, it would be better to appoint a commission of expert bankers and merchants carefully to prepare plans for the introduction of such a system. The present distrust has been aggravated by the fear that some action be taken which may dilute our currency still more: propositions made in Congress give rise to these misgivings. Some of our representatives are misled by false theories; others are influenced by their chances for re-election rather than by a consideration of the welfare of their country. So long as present conditions prevail the efforts of the government to fill the Treasury with gold will be vain, like those of the Danaides who were obliged to pour water into sieves. As fast as the Treasury is replenished by the issue of a loan it becomes drained by the demand of foreign creditors, who draw gold to-day because they fear that it may no longer be obtainable to-morrow, or by the

* Canadian banks absorb the savings of wealthy communities in the Province of Quebec, and through careful agents they lend them to needy borrowers in Winnipeg. Mr. B. E. Walker, a prominent banker in Toronto, says, "So perfectly is the distribution of capital made that the difference of interest paid between the highest-class borrowers in Montreal and the ordinary merchant of the Northwest is not more than one or two per cent."

timid holders of government notes among our own people who have begun to hoard the yellow metal; I know one individual who has stored away half a million dollars of it. The following striking example of the influence of confidence occurred in the history of the Bank of England: Being drained of gold in consequence of our panic, the failure of the Western Bank of Scotland and the City of Glasgow Bank, it had, on November 12, 1857, a liability of sixty-five million dollars for deposits against a cash reserve of less than three millions, when, contrary to the Bank Act, the government allowed a temporary issue of notes secured by British Consols. This gave the banking department at once available assets of ten millions; the call for gold ceased, and the crisis was passed.

As soon as Congress enacts a law for the redemption and cancellation of our paper money, the demand for gold will cease and confidence will be restored.

LOUIS WINDMÜLLER.

THE WAR OF THE TROLLEYS.

HUNDREDS of thousands of foot-sore Brooklyn citizens are thankful that the war of the trolleys is practically over. For over a week the alternate necessities of work and sleep drove them to long pedestrian journeys between their homes in the furthest recesses of the City of Churches and the hospitable entrance of the East River Bridge. They traversed the field between the contending armies in the labor war, and they bore the brunt of the blows. Even now, although, like old Kaspar, they know it was a glorious victory, they are in some doubt as to who had the right on his side.

Brooklyn lies like an outspread fan, with the pivot at the eastern gate of the great bridge. Coney Island, East New York, and Newtown are at the outer tips of the fan. The lines of trolley railroads radiate, like the ribs of the fan, to all the points of the compass between north-east and due south. The constant and regular running of cars over these lines is as necessary to the existence of the average Brooklynite as air or food or water. He works in New York. The cheap rents of Brooklyn enable him to sleep in a comfortable house and have plenty of fresh air for his children. The further he goes from the bridge, the cheaper the rent. Five miles is half an hour's journey on the trolley-car. To walk that distance before and again after every day of labor in New York is a hardship beside which mere shipwreck becomes a pleasant outing.

Some trifling relief was afforded by the elevated railroads, but it is hardly worth considering. The astute projectors of the roads on stilts wisely concluded long ago to occupy territory as far as possible from the competition of the swift-darting electric cars. So from the beginning to the end of the war between the railroad companies and their men the patient inhabitants of the Greater New York generally had to walk or lose their wages. Both parties in the fight issued proclamations of condolence and assurances of the heartiest sympathy with the public, but these neither prevented blisters nor made walking a species of rapid transit.

There are forty-eight trolley railway lines in Brooklyn, most of them operated nominally by different companies, but all grouped under the leadership of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company for the purposes of the struggle with their employés. These comprise an army of 5500 men, including conductors, motormen, and workmen in the electrical power plants. They presented to the companies at the beginning of the year the demands that ten hours should constitute a day's labor, that every man should be allowed to leave his car long enough to eat luncheon, and the wages should be advanced from $2 to $2 25 a day. These the employers refused to grant. During the two weeks before the actual beginning of hostilities agents in Newark and Philadelphia engaged hundreds of recruits to take the places of the men who should go out on strike. Anticipating that the conflict would begin on Monday morning (January 14th), the railroad managers notified their car repairers and examiners on Sunday evening that they need not come to work next day. This, they explained, they did to prevent the men from injuring the machinery in the power-houses. The employés declare they were forced out. At all events, the strike was begun at five o'clock on Monday, with both sides in the eminently decorous and dignified occupation of making faces at each other and saying: "You did it! I'm not to blame."

Every station of the elevated road was plastered with male human beings. From half a mile on either hand the travellers gathered around the stairways. The strong and ruthless fought their way up into trains. The large and weak majority fell off, beaten, and carried their bruised arms and battered ribs over the weary miles of pavement to the bridge. A few thrifty souls brought out 'busses and wagons that carried some scores of passengers at half the speed of the trolley-cars, and charged only five times the regular fare.

The struggle between the companies and their men began with the issuance of proclamations. The employers bewailed the inconvenience inflicted on the public, and declared that to grant the shorter hours and higher pay asked by their men would ruin the corporations. The employés also bewailed the plight of the public, declared that to continue working at the rates offered meant slow starvation, and protested that they were daily compelled to run cars at the speed of from fifteen to twenty miles an hour, thus causing many deaths. The law fixes the limit at ten miles an hour, but this pace, the men said, must be exceeded on every trip in order to keep up to schedule time. The men made a fine strategic movement on Monday morning by coming to terms secretly with the managers of the Smith and Jay Street line, officially known as the Coney Island and Brooklyn Company. It was not learned until two days later that they had waived their claim for more pay. The announcement that one company had surrendered, it was hoped, would bring in others. But it did not. Under the leadership of President Daniel F. Lewis, of the Brooklyn City Railroad Company, all the rest of the corporations stood firm. The Smith and Jay Street line and the Court Street line, the latter in spite of the strikers' efforts, were the only lines running cars on Monday.

There was no disturbance on account of the strike that could be fairly called a riot. The police were on hand from the earliest indication of strife, and the Second Brigade, N. G. S. N. Y., including the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, Twenty-third, and Forty-seventh regiments and the Third Battery (Gatling guns), was held in instant readiness to quell disturbance. More than a score of times crowds of strikers stood on the tracks in front of cars that were sent out under police guard, but they were soon driven off. As in every struggle of this kind, hundreds of idlers and roughs congregated with the strikers under cover of offering sympathy, and did all in their power to start fights. There were hotheads enough among the strikers. There was some stone-throwing, and the non union men who undertook to move the cars were protected by the police.

The liveliest work of the day was in front of the Atlantic Avenue depot, at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, where five hundred strikers drove back car after car as fast as they were sent out. The method was simple: the strikers massed themselves along the track with all the fanaticism and twice the numbers of the throng before Juggernaut. The motorman simply dared not run over them. The police, foot and mounted, could no more disperse them by shouting than they could shoo away so many grasshoppers. Meanwhile stout-armed friends hurled bricks from afar through car windows.

The riotous tendency was still greater on Tuesday. Eight mounted policemen rode out of the Flatbush depot in front of a car about eleven o'clock. As they began to gallop, the motorman put on full power, and sent the car roaring close behind them. Seven hundred strikers yelled and ran toward the car, but the trampling of the horses frightened some and the bluecoats clubbed others, so that a path was soon cleared. The men on foot cursed, and now and then a brick crashed through glass, but nothing really serious occurred.

Five thousand persons gathered around the Atlantic Avenue depot at two o'clock Tuesday afternoon when a car was started toward the ferry. Twelve policemen rode before it, and sixty others on foot shoved, prodded, and shouted at the crowd. There were yells of "Kill them! kill them!" and showers of stones flew, but again nothing of importance happened. The most remarkable thing about this mob was that it obeyed the orders of a New Woman, one Kate McDonald, middle-aged, brawny of arm, a skilled thrower of stones, and full of strange oaths. She was caught cold-handed shortly after she had dashed a big chunk of ice through a car window. She is now under $1000 bond to be tried for breach of the peace and malicious mischief, but she is comforted by the knowledge that it took twelve policemen to arrest her.

On Friday, January 18th, the car companies gave notice that they would resume the complete car service on Saturday; and in order that the police might be able to devote all their energies to protecting passengers and employés from rough treatment, the entire Second Brigade of the National Guard was ordered under arms on the 19th to guard the depots of the various lines.

Late in the day several men were slightly wounded by the bayonets of the militiamen, and through Saturday the strikers seemed to grow a trifle uglier. On Sunday the entire First Brigade of New York city was ordered under arms. The demonstrations of the mob grew a little more threatening. Mayor Schieren undertook to secure arbitration, but he failed in consequence of the insistence of the president of the Atlantic Avenue line that there was nothing to arbitrate.

THIS BUSY WORLD

AN interesting illustration of a recognized British tendency appears in the forty-eight letters on thirty-five different subjects addressed to the editor of the London *Times*, and published (November 13th) in a single issue of that journal. In another issue, last month, there were fourteen letters on a single subject, to wit, the modern society play. The discussion of that topic raged violently in the *Times* for several weeks, the point at issue being whether or not the modern play, as exemplified by *John-a-Dreams*, *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*, and other dramas now before the London public, treated to an undesirable extent of matters unsuited to continuous public discussion. The opinion of the *Times*, based on conscientious meditation, supplemented by the contributed views of a small army of conflicting critics, is that the woman-with-a-past has been seen too frequently on the British stage of late, that the British public has had a great deal too much of her and too many of her, and that she has been forced upon the public attention with such persistent assiduity that Londoners who do not want to hear about her find their opportunities of theatre-going very seriously curtailed. The trouble seems to lie not with managers, but with authors, since the *Times* avers that "when a manager desires to have a little variety in the way of a play that does not turn upon adultery, he has to engage in a prolonged struggle with the playwright, resentful of the excision of what he thinks the finest thing in his piece." Of course, in extenuation of the playwright's conduct, it is to be remembered that sane, reasonable, proper people, who conduct themselves with discretion and keep out of scrapes, are not of much use for society-play purposes. The necessity for foolish behavior on some one's part is imperative. A society play can no more flourish without it than physicians can flourish without disease. But there are plenty of other kinds of available folly besides that of the woman-with-a-past. Jealousy, misunderstandings, infants changed at birth, lost wills, forged letters, strawberry-marks on the left arm, rich suitors who have bought the mortgage, lovers unavoidably detained somewhere for a term of years while their sweethearts are waiting and wondering—all these and a multitude of other dramatic properties are as available for the playwright's use as ever. The writers need not cling so to the woman-with-a-past unless they choose. Once in a while she is interesting in real life, but usually she is highly inconvenient. She is somewhat less inconvenient in plays, but not any more exclusively interesting.

The office of private secretary is always associated with the idea of youth. In this country it is a job which a clever young man can afford to take for a while for the value of its training. It is a great deal more of an office than it used to be, because there is an increasing number of Americans nowadays whose duties are so important and so numerous that a good secretary is essential to their comfort. In particular the dimensions of the job of being private secretary to the President have been very greatly amplified since its possibilities were appreciated and improved by Daniel Lamont. But even that is a temporary post that rarely lasts more than four years, and best fits the aspirations of a man still young whose career is before him.

No private secretaryship in this country is as big a place as that so long filled by General Sir Henry Ponsonby in the household of the Queen of England. Sir Henry was born in 1825, received a military education, and served in the Crimean war with the Grenadier Guards. After the war he was appointed Equerry to the Prince Consort, and after Prince Albert's death he came to Canada, where he commanded a battalion of grenadiers. He has been private secretary to the Queen since 1870, and has had a difficult and laborious office, and has discharged its duties most acceptably. Six months ago, warned by the sudden collapse of a colleague, he tried to resign and rest, but the Queen appealed to him not to leave her. She felt too old to change her secretary, and Sir Henry kept on until the other day, at Osborne, when a stroke of paralysis, not to be argued with or deferred, settled the question of his retirement.

As private secretary to the Queen, Sir Henry has been a member of the Privy Council, Keeper of the Privy Purse, and general mediator between the Queen and the rest of mankind. The catastrophe which has disabled him is matter of general grief in England, where the eulogistic "well done, good and faithful servant," is accorded him on all sides, and where his loss is felt to be little less than a disaster to the Queen.

Whenever Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, sees fit to go into the lecture business he will be sure to do well at it. His occasional discourses are invariably interesting. His recent address given on Founder's day at Cornell University, as reported by telegraph and given in most of the newspapers, seemed a defective performance; but as published in full in the *Sun* of January 14th it is lively and edifying from beginning to end. It treated of the newspaper business, a subject with which Mr. Dana is familiar both by experience and observation. All that he does not know about it, and possibly more too, he can surmise, as appeared once or twice in the course of his remarks.

The literary style of Mr. Dana's discourses is very notable. It is such a clean-cut, crisp, energetic style, never careless, never hasty, and yet moving on in every word. In the five columns or so of this Cornell address there is no sentence that one reads twice to get its sense, no fine passages that one skips. It is all good reading, including the selected poetry and the jokes.

So many educated people have been impressed with the prevalence of the improper use of the word "lady," and have reformed their own practice by a rather monotonous use of the word "woman" instead, that it is interesting to notice that Mr. Dana speaks of the "many *ladies* now employed on newspapers," and "the *lady* whom .... it is impossible to replace." He might have used "woman" in both places if he had chosen, but he didn't choose.

In its account of the Philadelphia Philological Congress the *Critic* speaks of the graceful address (at the joint meeting) "from Dr. H. H. Furness, whose amazing erudition as a Shakespearian cloaks the fact that as a speaker on any occasion of ceremony he ranks among the best three or four in the country." It is a privilege to spread the information that the younger Dr. Furness is such a graceful orator. No doubt his gifts of speech are well known in Philadelphia, but, as the *Critic* says the rest of the world thinks of him first as the man who knows so much about Shakespeare. He has been very careless of his individuality, anyway. Being intimately associated by birth with one very eminent man, he deliberately linked himself to another, and has only himself to blame if, with his venerable father close to him on one side, and William Shakespeare close to him on the other, some of his qualities and accomplishments have failed to receive the notice they deserve. It is all very well to say that a man shall be known by the company he keeps, but any ordinary man who kept the company Dr. Furness does would be utterly obscured by it.

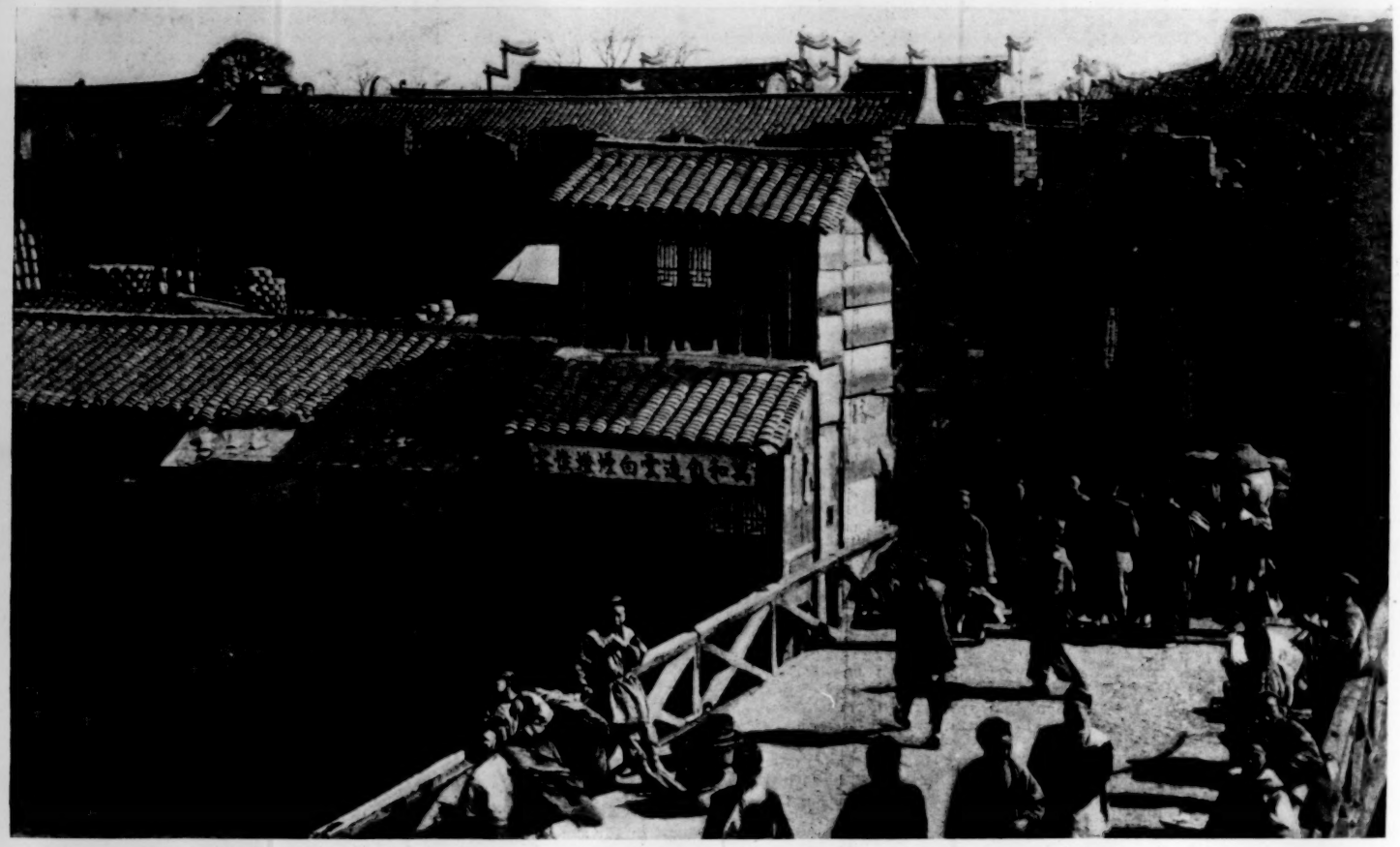
The new officers of the American Folk-lore Society, elected at the meeting held December 27th, are: president, Dr. Washington Matthews, of New York; first vice-president, Dr. J. O. Dorsey; second vice-president, Captain John G. Bourke, U.S.A. Members of executive council for three years, Mr. W. M. Benjamin and Professor D. G. Brinton; for two years, Miss Alice C. Fletcher. The annual meeting for the present year will be held in Philadelphia—a first-rate town for such meetings, as appeared last month in its highly successful Philological Congress.

Because his seven volumes on the Renaissance in Italy cost him eleven years of hard work and only netted him one hundred pounds apiece, Mr. John Addington Symonds held that literature is the worst-paying profession known. But really the proceeds of such books as Mr. Symonds wrote have got very little to do with the profitableness of literary labor. When people want to make money out of books they try to write books which will find many readers. But Mr. Symonds never seems to have made any such effort. He must have known that comparatively few of the English reading masses cared to know about the Italian Renaissance, or had application enough to read his books about it if they could get them gratis. What he wanted to do was not so much to earn money as to write a history of the Renaissance. It was an expensive luxury, yet he helped himself to it, enjoyed it for eleven years, and besides getting a reputation out of it, got seven hundred pounds from his publishers towards the expenses of his enterprise. His experience does not really touch the question whether literature is a profitable profession, because he never really bent himself to make it so. He sacrificed the possibility of making money to the pleasure of writing what he chose, and it was fortunate on all important accounts that he found such a sacrifice practicable.

E. S. MARTIN.

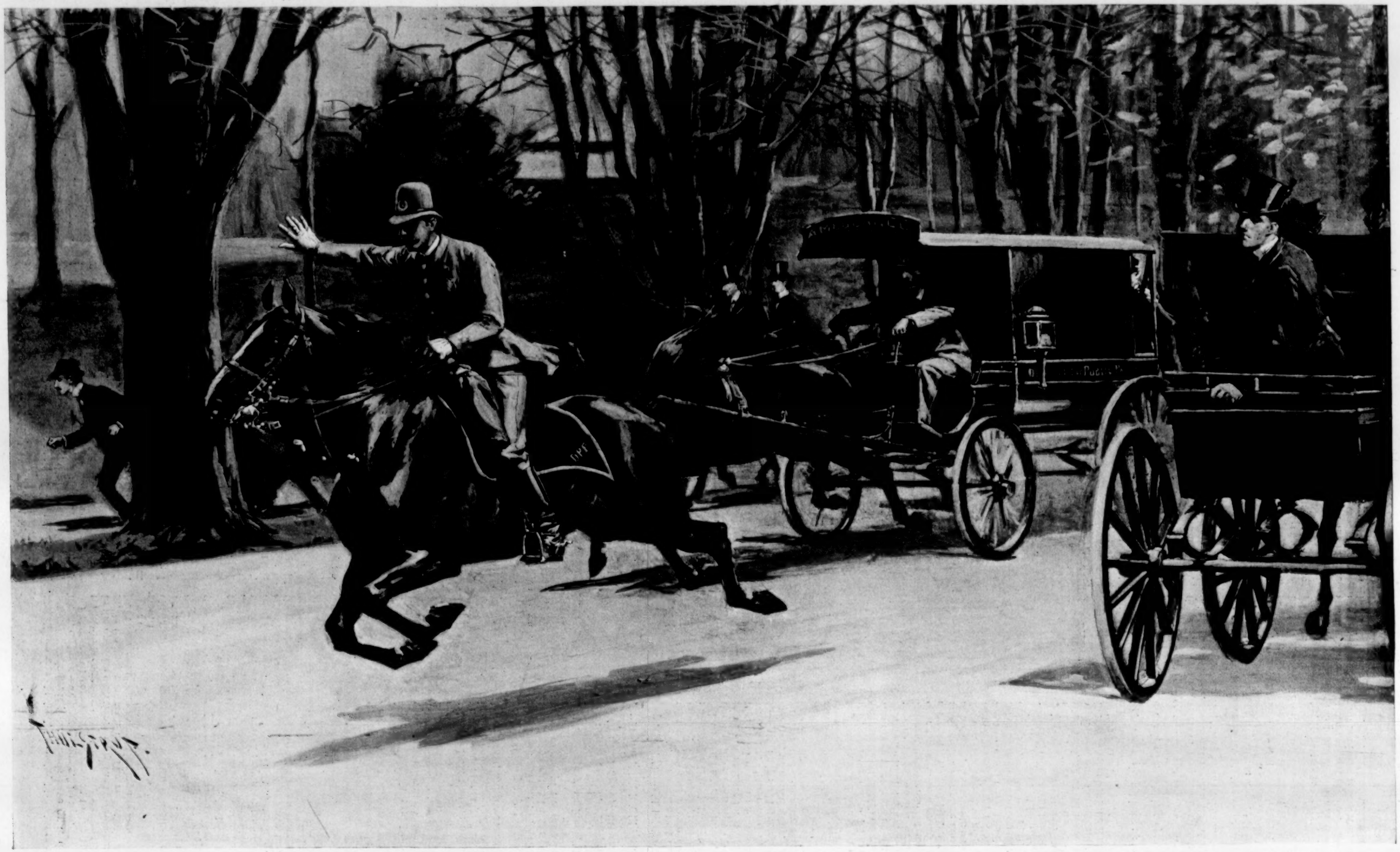
THE BUND OF THE FOREIGN SETTLEMENTS.
Customs Opium-Boats in Foreground. The Signalling-Staff is used to announce the Arrival of Mail-Steamers at Woo-Sung.

AN EXAMINATION OF CHINESE VOLUNTEERS BEFORE A MAGISTRATE.



ONE OF THE SIX ENTRANCE GATES OF THE CHINESE CITY.

THE WAR IN THE EAST—SHANGHAI AND ITS DEFENCES.—[See Page 83.]



"WAY FOR THE AMBULANCE!"

A Park Department Ambulance on its Way to the Scene of an Accident in Central Park, New York.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 91.]

THE RED COCKADE.*

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

CHAPTER IV.

L'AMI DU PEUPLE.

THERE were others who stood also, impressed by a sight which, in the light of the news we had just heard—that astonishing, that amazing news—seemed to have especial significance. We had not yet grown accustomed in France to crowds. For centuries the one man, the individual, King, Cardinal, Noble, or Bishop, had stood forward; and the many, the multitude, had melted away under his eye—had bowed and passed.

But here, within our view, was the dawn of a new day. Perhaps if we had not heard what we had heard—that news, I mean—or if the people had not heard it, the effect on us, the action on their part, might have been different. But, as it was, the crowd that faced us in the square as we came out, the great crowd that faced us and stretched from wall to wall, silent, vigilant, menacing, showed not a sign of flinching; and we did. We stood astonished, each halting as he came out, and looking, and then consulting his neighbor's eyes to learn what he thought.

We had over our heads the great Cathedral, from the shadow of which we issued. We had amongst us many who had been accustomed to see a hundred peasants tremble at their frown. But in a moment, in a twinkling, as if that news from Paris had shaken the foundations of society, we found these things in question. The crowd in the square did not tremble. In a silence that was grimmer than any howling, it gave back look for look. Not only that, but as we issued, they made no way for us; and those of the Assembly who had already gone down had to walk along the skirts of the press to get to the inn. We who came later saw this, and it had its weight with us. We were the nobles of the province; but we were only two hundred, and between us and our inn, between us and our horses and servants, stretched this line of gloomy faces, these thousands of silent men.

No wonder that the sight, and something that underlay the sight, diverted my mind for a moment from M. d'Harincourt and his purpose, and that I looked abroad; while he too stood gaping and frowning, and forgot me. Perforce we had to go down, one by one, reluctantly; a meagre string winding across the face of the crowd, sullen defiance on one side, scorn on the other. In Cahors it is remembered as the first triumph of the people, the first step in the degradation of the privileged. A word had brought it about. A word, *the Bastille fallen*, had combined the floating groups, and formed of them this which we saw—the people.

Under such circumstances it needed only the slightest spark to bring about an explosion; and that was soon supplied. M. de Gontaut, a tall thin old man, who could remember the early days of the late King, walked a little way in front of me. He was lame, and used a cane, and generally a servant's arm. This morning the lackey was not forth-coming, and he felt the inconvenience of skirting instead of crossing the square. Yet he was not foolish enough to thrust himself into the crowd; and all might still have gone well, if a rogue in the front rank of the throng had not, perhaps by accident, tripped up the cane with his foot. M. le Baron turned in a flash, every hair of his bushy eyebrows on end, and struck the fellow with his stick.

"Stand back, rascal!" he added, trembling, and threatening to repeat the blow. "If I had you, I would soon—"

The man spat at him.

M. de Gontaut uttered an oath, and in ungovernable rage struck the wretch two or three blows—how many I could not see, though I was only a few paces behind. Apparently the man did not hit him back, but shrank cowed by the old noble's fury. But those behind flung him forward with loud cries of "Shame! *À bas la Noblesse!*" and he fell against M. de Gontaut, and in a moment the Baron was on the ground.

"M. LE BARON TURNED IN A FLASH, AND STRUCK THE FELLOW WITH HIS STICK."

It happened so quickly, all while we were walking three or four paces, that only those in the immediate neighborhood, St. Alais, the Harincourts, and myself, saw the fall. Probably the mob meant no great harm; they had not yet lost all reverence. But at the time, with the tale of De Launay in my ears, I thought that they intended M. de Gontaut's death, and as I saw his old head fall, I sprang forward, full of indignation, to protect him.

St. Alais was before me, however. Bounding forward with rage not less than Gontaut's, he hurled the aggressor back with a blow which sent him into the arms of his supporters. Then dragging M de Gontaut to his feet, the Marquis whipped out his sword, and darting the bright point hither and thither with the skill of a practised fencer, in a twinkling he cleared a space round him, and made the nearest give back with shrieks and curses.

Unfortunately he touched one man; the fellow was not hurt, but at the prick he sank down screaming, and in a second the mood of the crowd changed. Shrieks, half playful, gave way to a howl of rage. Some one flung a stick, which struck the Marquis on the chest, and for a moment stopped him. The next instant he sprang at the man who had thrown it, and would have run him through, but the fellow fled, and the crowd, with a yell of triumph, closed over his path. This brought up St. Alais in mid-course, and left him only the choice between retreating or wounding people who were innocent.

He fell back with a sneering word, and sheathed his sword. But as soon as his back was turned a stone struck him on the head, and he staggered forward. As he fell the crowd uttered a yell, and half a dozen men dashed at him to trample on him.

Their blood was up; this time I made no mistake; I read mischief in their eyes. The scream of the man whom he had wounded—though the fellow was more frightened than hurt—was in their ears. One of the Harincourts struck down the foremost, but this only enraged without checking them. In a moment he was swept aside and flung back, stunned and reeling, and the crowd rushed upon their victim.

I threw myself before him. I had just time to do that, and cry "Shame! shame!" and force back one or two; and then my intervention must have come to nothing; it must have fared as ill with me as with him, if in the nick of time, with a ring of grimy faces threatening us, and a dozen hands upraised, I had not been recognized. Buton, the blacksmith of Saux—one of the foremost—screamed out my name, and turning with outstretched arms, forced back his neighbors. A man of huge strength, it was as much as he could do to stem the torrent; but in a moment his frenzied cries became heard and understood. Others recognized me; the crowd fell back. Some one raised a cry of "Vive Saux! Long live the friend of the people!" and the shout being taken up first in one place and then in another, in a trice the square rang with the words.

I had not then learned the fickleness of the multitude, or that from *à bas* to *vive* is the step of an instant, and despite myself, and though I despised myself for the feeling, I felt my heart swell on the wave of sound. "Vive Saux! vive l'ami du peuple!" My equals had scorned me, but the people—the people whose faces wore a new look to-day, the people to whom this one word, the Bastille Fallen, had given new life, acclaimed me. For a moment, even while I cried and shook my hands to them to be silent, there flashed on me the things it meant, the things they had to give—power and tribuneship! "Vive Saux! Long live the friend of the people!" The air shook with the sound; the towers above me gave it back. I felt myself lifted up on it; I felt myself for the minute another and a greater man.

Then I turned and met St. Alais's eye, and I fell to earth. He had risen, and, pale with rage, was wiping the dust from his coat with a handkerchief. A little blood was flowing from the wound in his head, but he paid no heed to it in the intentness with which he was staring at me, as if he read my thoughts. As soon as something like silence was obtained, he spoke, his voice trembling a little. "Perhaps, if your friends have quite done with us, M. de Saux—we may go home," he said.

I stammered something in answer to the sneer, and turned to accompany him, though my way to the inn lay in the opposite direction. Only the two Harincourts and M. de Gontaut were with us. The rest of the Assembly had either got clear, or were viewing the fracas from the door of the Chapter House, where they still stood, cut off from us by a wall of people. I offered my arm to M. de Gontaut, but he declined it with a frigid bow and took Harincourt's; and M. le Marquis, when I turned to him, said, with a cold smile, that they need not trouble me.

"Doubtless we shall be safe if you will give orders to that effect," he sneered.

I bowed, without retorting on him; he bowed, and he turned away. But the crowd had either read his attitude aright or gathered that there was an altercation between us, for the moment he moved they set up a howl. Two or three stones were thrown—notwithstanding Buton's efforts to prevent it—and before the party had retired ten yards the rabble began to press on them savagely. Embarrassed by M. de Gontaut's presence and helplessness, the other three could do nothing. For an instant I had a view of St. Alais standing gallantly at bay, with the old noble behind him and the blood trickling down his cheek. Then I followed them; the crowd made instant way for me. Again the air rang with cheers, and the square, in the hot July sunshine, seemed a sea of waving hands.

M. de St. Alais turned to me. He could still smile, and with marvellous self-command, in one and the same instant he recovered from his discomfiture and changed his tactics. "I am afraid that we must trouble you," he said, politely. "M. le Baron is not a young man, and your people, M. de Saux, are somewhat obstreperous."

"What can I do?" I said, sullenly. I had not the heart to leave them to their fortunes, but I was as little disposed to accept the onus he would lay on me.

"Accompany us home," he said, pleasantly, drawing out his snuff-box and taking a pinch. The people had fallen silent again; but watched us heedfully.

"If you think it will serve," I answered.

"It will," he said, briskly. "You know, M. le Vicomte, that they say a man is born and a man dies every minute. Believe me, no King dies—but another King is born."

I winced under the sarcasm, under the laughing contempt of his eye. But I saw nothing for it but to comply, and I bowed and turned to go with them. The crowd opened before us, and, amid mingled cheers and yells, we moved away. I intended only to accompany them to the skirts of the throng, and then to gain the inn by a by-path, get my horses, and be gone. But a party of the crowd continued to follow us through the streets, and I found no opportunity. Almost before I knew it, we were at the St. Alais's door, still with this rough attendance at our heels.

Madame and mademoiselle with two or three women were on the balcony, looking and listening; at the door below were a group of scared servants. While I looked, however, madame left her place and appeared at the door, the servants making way for her. She stared, wondering, from us to the rabble that followed; then her eye caught the blood-stains on M. de St. Alais's cravat, and she cried out to know if he was hurt.

"No, madame," he said, lightly. "But M. de Gontaut has had a fall."

"What has happened?" she asked, quickly. "The town seems to have gone mad. I heard a great noise a while ago, and the servants brought in a wild tale about the Bastille."

"It is true."

"What? That the Bastille—"

"Has been taken by the mob, madame; and M. de Launay murdered."

"Never!" madame cried, with flashing eyes. "That old man?"

"Yes," M. de St. Alais answered, suavely. "Messieurs the mob are no respecters of people. Fortunately, however," he continued, smiling at me in a way that brought the blood to my cheeks, "they have leaders more prudent and sagacious."

But madame had no ears for his last words, no thought save of this astonishing news from Paris. She stood, her cheeks on fire, her eyes full of tears; she had known De Launay. "Oh, but the King will punish them!" she cried at last. "The wretches! The ingrates! They should all be broken on the wheel! Doubtless the King has already punished them."

"He will by-and-by, if he has not yet," St. Alais answered. "But for the moment you will easily understand, madame, that things are out of joint. Men's heads are turned, and they do not know themselves. We have had a little trouble here. M. de Gontaut has been roughly handled, and I have not entirely escaped. If M. de Saux had not had his people well in hand," he continued, turning to me with a laughing eye, "I am afraid that we should have come off worse."

Madame stared at me, and beginning to comprehend,

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1985.

grew cold, icy, forbidding. The light died out of her haughty face. She looked at me grimly. I had a glance of mademoiselle's startled eyes behind her, and of the peeping servants. Then madame spoke. "Are those some of—M. de Saux's people?" she said, stepping forward a pace, and pointing to the crew of ruffians, who had halted a few paces away, and were watching us doubtfully.

"A handful," M. de St. Alais answered, lightly. "Just his body-guard, madame. But pray do not speak of him so harshly. For, being my mother, you must be obliged to him. If he did not quite save my life, at least he saved my beauty."

"SHE STAMPED HER FOOT. 'TO YOUR KENNELS, I SAY!'"

"With those?" she said, scornfully.

"With those, or from those," he answered, gayly. "Besides, for a day or two we may need his protection. I am sure that if you ask him, madame, he will not refuse it."

I stood raging, helpless under the lash of his tongue; and Madame de St. Alais looked at me. "Is it possible," she said at last, "that M. de Saux has thrown in his lot with wretches such as these?" And she pointed with magnificent scorn to the scowling crew. "With wretches who—"

"Hush, madame," M. le Marquis said, in his gibing fashion. "You are too bold. For the moment they are our masters, and M. de Saux is theirs. We must therefore—"

"We must not!" she answered, impetuously, standing forward with flashing eyes. "What? Would you have me palter with the scum of the streets? With the dirt under our feet? Never. I and mine have no part with traitors!"

"Madame de St. Alais!" I cried, stung into speech by her injustice. "You do not know what you say! If I have been able to stand between your son and danger—it has been through no vileness such as you impute to me."

"Impute?" she exclaimed. "What need of imputation, monsieur, with those wretches before us? Is it necessary to cry '*A bas le roi!*' to be a traitor? Is not that man as guilty who fosters false hopes and misleads the ignorant? Who hints what he dare not say, and holds out what he dares not promise? Is he not the worst of traitors? For shame, monsieur, for shame!" she continued. "If your father—"

"Oh!" I cried. "This is intolerable!"

She caught me up with a bitter gibe. "It is!" she retorted. "It *is* intolerable that the King's fortresses should be taken by the rabble, and old men slain by scullions! It *is* intolerable that nobles should forget whence they are sprung and stoop to the kennel! It *is* intolerable that the King's name should be flouted and catchwords set above it! All these things are intolerable; but they are not of our doing. They are your acts. And for you," she continued—and suddenly stepping by me, she addressed the group of rascals who lingered, listening and scowling a few paces away—"for you, poor fools, do not be deceived. This gentleman has told you doubtless that there is no longer a King in France! That there are to be no more taxes nor corvées, that the poor will be rich and everybody noble! Well, believe him at your peril! There have been poor and rich, noble and simple, spenders and makers, since the world began, and a King in France. But believe him if you like. Only now go! Leave my house! Go, or I will call out my servants and whip you through the streets like dogs! To your kennels, I say!"

She stamped her foot; and, to my astonishment, the men, who must have known that her threat was an empty one, sneaked away like the dogs to which she had compared them. In a moment, I could scarcely believe it, the street was empty. The men who had come near to killing M. de Gontaut, who had stoned M. de St. Alais, quailed before a woman! In a twinkling the last man was gone, and she turned to me, her face flushed, her eyes gleaming with scorn.

"There, sir," she said, "take that lesson to heart. That is your brave people! And now, monsieur, do you go, too! Henceforth my house is no place for you. I will have no traitors under my roof; no, not for a moment."

She signed to me to go with the same insolent contempt which had abashed the crowd; but before I went I said one word: "You were my father's friend, madame."

She looked at me harshly, but did not answer.

"It would have better become you, therefore," I continued, "to help me than to hurt me. As it is, were I the most loyal of his Majesty's subjects, you have done enough to drive me to treason. In the future, Madame la Marquise, I beg that you will remember that."

And I turned and went, trembling with rage.

The crowd in the square had melted by this time, but the streets were full of those who composed it, and who now stood about in eager groups discussing what had happened. The word Bastille was on every tongue; and as I passed, way was made for me and caps were lifted. "God bless you, M. de Saux!" and "You are a good man," were muttered in my ear. If there seemed less noise and less excitement than in the morning, the air of purpose that everywhere prevailed was not to be mistaken.

This was so clear that, though noon was barely past, shopkeepers had closed their shops and bakers their bake-houses, causing a calm, more ominous than the storm that had preceded it, to brood over the town. The majority of the Assembly had dispersed in haste; for I saw none, though I heard that a large body had gone to the barracks. No one molested me—the fall of the Bastille served me so far—and I mounted, and rode off without seeing any one, not even Louis.

To tell the truth, I was in a fever to be at home; in a fever to consult the only man who, it seemed to me, could advise me in this great crisis. In front of me, I saw it plainly, stretched two roads, the one easy and smooth, if perilous, the other arid and toilsome. Madame had called me the Tribune of the People, a would-be Retz, a would-be Mirabeau. The people had cried my name, had hailed me as a savior. Should I fit on the cap? Should I take up the rôle? My own caste had spurned me; should I snatch at the dangerous honor offered to me, and stand or fall with the people?

With the people? It sounded well, but in those days it was a vaguer phrase than it is now, and I asked myself who that had ever taken up that cause had stood? A broad-riot, a tumult, a local revolt—such as this which had cost M. de Launay his life—of such things the people had shown themselves capable; but of no lasting victory. Always the King had held his own; always the nobles had kept their privileges. Why should it be otherwise now?

There were reasons? Yes, but they seemed less cogent, the weight of precedent heavier, when I came to think with a trembling heart of acting on them. And the odium of deserting my order was no small matter to face. Hitherto I had been innocent; if they had put out the lip at me it had been wrongfully. But if I accepted the part they assigned to me, I must be prepared to face not only the worst in case of failure, but in success to be a pariah. Tribune of the People, and an outcast from my kind!

I rode hard, and did not doubt that I should be the first to bring the tale to Saux. But in those days nothing was more marvellous than the speed with which news of this kind crossed the country. It passed from mouth to mouth; the air seemed to carry it. It went before the quickest traveller.

Everywhere, therefore, I found my tale known. Known by people who had stood for days at cross-roads waiting for they knew not what; known by scowling men on village bridges, who talked in low voices, and eyed the towers of the château; known by stewards and agents, men of the stamp of Gargouf, who smiled incredulously, or talked, like Madame St. Alais, of the King, and how good he was, and how many he would hang for it. Known, last of all, by Father Benôit, the man I would consult. He met me at the gate of the château, opposite the place where the carcan had stood. It was too dark to see his face, but I knew the fall of his soutane and the shape of his calotte. I sent on Gil and André, and he walked beside me up the avenue, with his hand on the withers of my horse.

"Well, M. le Vicomte, it has come at last," he said.

"You have heard?"

"Buton told me."

"What? Is he here?" I said. "I saw him at Cahors less than three hours ago."

"Such news gives a man wings," Father Benôit answered, with energy. "I say again, it has come. It has come, M. le Vicomte."

"Something," I said, prudently.

"Everything," he answered, confidently. "The mob took the Bastille, but who headed them? The soldiers; the Garde Française. Well, M. le Vicomte, if the army cannot be trusted, there is an end of abuses, of exemptions, of extortions, of bread famines, of Foulons and Berthiers, of grinding the faces of the poor, of—"

The Curé's list was not half exhausted when I cut it short. "But if the army is with the mob, where will things stop?" I said, wearily.

"We must see to that," he answered.

"Come and sup with me," I said. "I have something to tell you, and more to ask you."

He assented gladly. "For there will be no sleep for me to-night," he said. "This is great news, glorious news, M. le Vicomte. Your father would have heard it with joy."

"And M. de Launay?" I said, as I dismounted.

"There can be no change without suffering," he answered, stoutly, though his face fell a little. "His fathers sinned, and he has paid the penalty. But God rest his soul! I have heard that he was a good man."

"And died in his duty," I said, rather tartly.

"Amen," Father Benôit answered.

But it was not until we were sat down in the chestnut parlor (which the servants call the English room), and with candles between us, were busy with our cheese and fruit, that I appreciated to the full the impression which the news had made on the Curé. Then, as he talked, as he told and listened, his long limbs and lean form trembled with excitement, his thin face worked. "It is the end," he said. "You may depend upon it, M. le Vicomte, it is the end. Your father told me many times that in money lay the secret of power. Money, he used to say, pays the army; the army secures all. A while ago the money failed. Now the army fails. There is nothing left."

"The King," I said, unconsciously quoting Madame la Marquise.

"God bless his Majesty!" the Curé said, heartily. "He means well, and now he will be able to do well, because the nation will be with him. But without the nation, without money or an army—a name only. And the name did not save the Bastille."

Then, beginning with the scene at Madame de St. Alais's reception, I told him all that had happened to me—the oath of the sword, the debate in the Assembly, the tumult in the square, last of all, the harsh words with which madame had given me my congé—all. As he listened he was most extraordinarily moved. When I described the scene in the Chamber, he could not be still, but in his enthusiasm walked about the parlor muttering. And when I told him how the crowd had cried "Vive Saux!" he repeated the words softly, and looked at me with delighted eyes. But when I came, halting somewhat in my speech, and coloring, and playing with my bread to hide my disorder, to tell him my thoughts on the way home, and the choice that as it seemed to me was offered to me, he sat down, and fell also to crumbling his bread, and was silent.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE WAR IN THE EAST.

THERE is some excitement at Shanghai now over a report that instructions have been received from the authorities at Nanking to make every preparation at the Shanghai and Woo-sung forts to receive an attack from the Japanese that is about to be made.

It seems unlikely, however, that the Japanese will make a move in this direction, which would involve a rupture with the several foreign powers to whom they have given official notification that they would consider Shanghai a neutral port and outside of their operations.

The general hitherto in command at Woo-sung, Ts'ao Tech'ing, has been promoted to the brigadier-generalship of Langshan, on the Yang-tse, by an imperial decree, and the command of the forts and garrison has been given to Generals Pan and Muh, the subordinate officers of General Ts'ao.

These two generals now command three battalions each, while the battalions expected to re-enforce the former will most probably be under a separate command also.

At the north and south forts eleven large guns, 15 to 21 centimetre calibre, sixteen machine-guns, and twenty-two 6-pounder quick-firing guns have been added since last August. The present garrison consists of 2400 men.

The general opinion is that Woo-sung is safe enough, and that it will be the last place the Japanese will attack, considering the commercial importance of Shanghai. Viceroy Chang's orders, however, seem to be faithfully obeyed, and every preparation is being made to give the Japanese "a welcome" when the time comes.

When the forts were entered on December 7th, 1894, the place was very lively. On the parade-ground there were men going through the battalion drill (after the foreign style); and here and there were to be seen squads of men practising "resisting an assault," while on the walls facing the river were gunners practising loading and aiming with the big guns.

Shanghai, the most important maritime city of China, is situated on the left bank of the Hwangpoo or Woo-sung River, twelve miles from where it debouches into the southern portion of the mouth of the Yang-tse-Kiang, where the Woo-sung forts above referred to are situated. Though it is now one of the first emporiums of commerce in the East, only a quarter of a century ago it was only a third-rate Chinese town. It is a district city, having a wall three miles in circumference, through which six gates open into extensive suburbs. The low alluvial plain on which it is situated is of great extent, and intersected by innumerable creeks, which environ the wall and permeate through the city in various directions. The native town is dirty and poorly built; the houses are brick, and the streets very narrow, and constantly crowded with people.

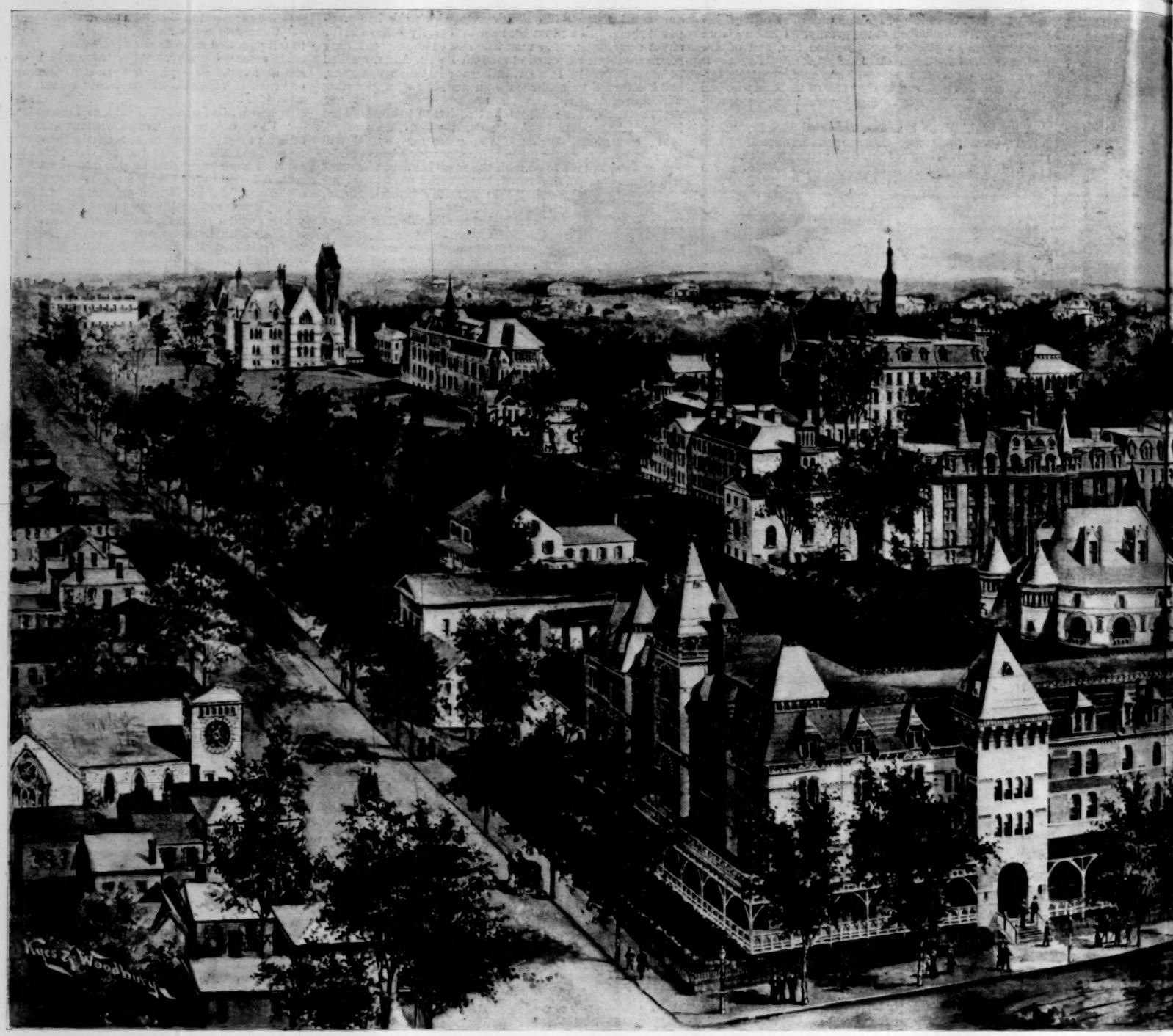
Few of the buildings rise above the walls of the city, the only conspicuous objects being the Roman Catholic cathedral and the lofty spire of the Baptist chapel.

A little further down the river stand the foreign settlements, American, English, and French. The river in front of the Chinese town is thronged with junks, lashed side by side for a couple of miles. Above the Chinese city the government has at work an arsenal where war-vessels are built and equipped.

The products of Shanghai itself are not of much value, but the city is a most important entrepôt for goods passing between the northern and southern provinces of China, as well as for the imports from and exports to foreign countries.

Shanghai was in the possession of the Tai-Ping rebels from 1853 to 1855, and the prosperity both of the native town and the foreign settlements was in peril for a time; but it enormously advanced after their expulsion—the English quarter, in particular, becoming a refuge for the Chinese from all parts of the province of Kiang-Si, which the Tai-Pings continued to desolate up to 1862.

The New Laboratory. The Morphological Laboratory. The Scientific School. Examination Hall. The Library. Old Chapel. Nassau Hall. Marquand Chapel. Electrical School. East College. The Philadelphian Society Hall.



The Second Church. Front Campus. The Deanery. The First Church. College Offices. University Hall. Reunion Hall. Alexander Hall.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS AND CAMPUS O

PRINCETON'S ACHIEVEMENTS AND AIMS.

PRINCETON is soon to celebrate the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of her foundation as a college. She ranks, therefore, as third in age of the five existing institutions of higher learning which date from colonial times. Although chartered under her present style in 1746, in reality the impulse which led to her establishment far antedated that year, finding an outward and visible form in the famous Log College on the Neshaminy. From the very dawn of her life, therefore, she has stood before the nation for certain strong and definite principles in education, philosophy, and religion. Her central position made her, throughout the Revolutionary epoch, the most historic of the colleges—in that hers was the only President to sign the Declaration of Independence; in that while her home was ravaged at one time by the enemy, it was to be for a time the seat of American government just after the acknowledgment of independence. To the framers of our Constitution she contributed more in actual numbers than any other college—almost as many as the rest of the Northern ones combined; the "large State plan" was made by one of her graduates, the "small State plan" by another, and the compromise which finally prevailed was presented by two members from Connecticut, one of whom was educated in her halls. The central and stately pile known as Nassau Hall, which in the infancy of Princeton contained the whole institution, still stands, one of the most ancient and graceful college buildings in America, as it certainly is the most historic. It was the central point of a decisive battle, and gave refuge to Congress in the darkest hour of that body.

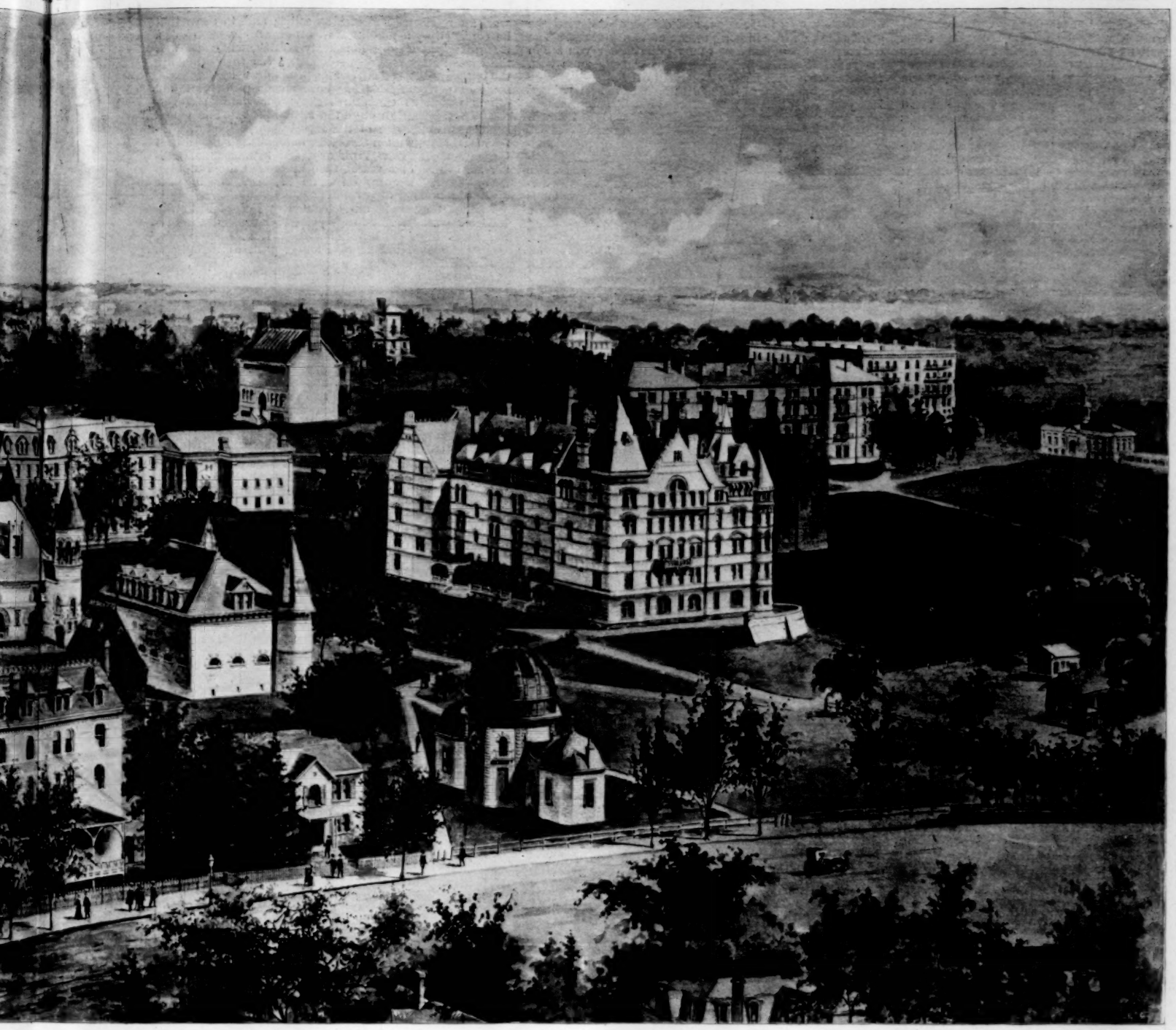
The impress thus early made upon Princeton has been permanent, for her development has been strictly historical, along the lines of her foundation and tradition. She has probably tried fewer rash experiments and indulged in less educational castle-building than any of her compeers. To the present hour she preserves with jealous care, as central to all her work, the old-fashioned liberal training which has stood the test of the ages, not merely as the education for a gentleman, but as the essential propædeutic to the best professional work; the time-honored and historic degree of Bachelor of Arts still stands at Princeton for the acquirements which make the mind the best instrument and most enlarge the intellectual horizon, being given only to those who, along with their attainments in literature, science, and history, have at least a disciplinary training in Greek. How thoroughly practical this education may be is easily shown by the standing of Princetonians in all the learned professions and in public life: ten of them have been elected to Congress in the recent great moral upheaval of the country, and three will sit in the next Senate of the United States; numerous others were chosen for local offices of scarcely less importance; about a hundred and twenty-five are teaching the teachers as college presidents and professors.

The cultivation of this "studium generale" is the mark of a true university, whatever may be its developments in the matter of professional schools. Accordingly, the graduate or university department of Princeton has naturally and irresistibly come into existence and expanded, until it demands the organization and equipment which, as a fitting celebration of the sesquicentennial, it will surely obtain. The degree of Doctor of Philosophy, which is the *toga virilis*, the badge of maturity for the scholar, has long been given under the severest and most rigid restrictions of training and examination to the few who have found time and means to devote two years of special, exclusive, graduate study in a limited field for its acquisition. The latest departure is a careful re-examination of the system by which this degree is granted, and the elimination of all possible abuses from its working, as the experience of ten years has thrown light on the question. It remains to secure new professors and more numerous courses in the departments already equipped, and to find an increased endowment for them, adding at the same time, if possible, a strong and complete school of philology and linguistics to crown the excellent work already done in that line.

During the present and preceding administrations great emphasis has been put upon the scientific instruction so loudly demanded by the spirit of the hour. Magnificent endowments have been expended in the foundation of chairs, in the erection of splendid edifices, and in the equipment of both laboratories and museums. As might have been expected, the first aim was to test scientific instruction pure and simple as a means for liberal education. The course thus founded is crowned by the degree of Bachelor of Science. It has from the beginning been sought by considerable numbers, and with time its scope has been enlarged, while its quality has been greatly improved. As Latin with the elements of one modern language is required for admission to it, the Princeton degree of B.S. stands for as much as that of B.A. in certain colleges, the theory of which appears to be that no matter what you study, as long as you study for four years, you are the equal of any scholar: if you will only stitch long enough, no difference what your material, you will produce the wedding garment. We all know that in art products the labor is one element in the value, but, after all, design and material do count for something. The experience of five lustres in Princeton has shown the great importance of this course; it is to be supported and improved, as it has been, at every sacrifice; and the believers in the new learning are not only fed at the best table, they are welcomed as in no other similar institution, being made an integral portion of the university through their membership in the literary societies and social clubs, through their occupancy of the dormitories and their use of all public buildings on an equal footing with the academic students, through their admission, as the latest and most radical departure, to most of the two hundred and fifty-odd academic elective courses, and through the fact that during the four years of their stay they enjoy the time-honored designations which make them feel as if they too were the inheritors of the past.

The intelligent but uninitiated public seems determined to withhold the designation of university from any institution of the higher learning except those which provide professional, technical, and even trade instruction. Even from this stand-point Princeton may claim the name. What is now almost if not quite the largest and strongest divinity school in the country was founded at her door for the sake of the advantages to be derived by its students from the college courses. Time has justified the wisdom of the plan; for while there is no organized connection between the theological seminary and the college, there is the animated and organic interchange of relations which is reciprocally beneficial. Moreover, out of the college proper has grown not merely the scientific side to which reference has already been made, but the professional schools of electrical and civil engineering, both ably conducted and prosperous departments. Besides this, professional instruction equivalent to the first year's work in either law or medicine is given by the university professors in chemistry, physics, and biology on the

Hall. Hall. West College. Clio Hall. Art Museum. President's House. Infirmary. Albert B. Dodd Hall. David Brown Hall. Brokaw Memorial.



nder Hall. Gymnasium. Tiger Inn. Observatory. Witherspoon Hall. Edwards Hall. Railway Station.

PUS OF PRINCETON COLLEGE.—Drawn by Kyes and Woodbury.

one side, in constitutional history and public law on the other. If the signs of the times are read aright, the demand for a complete law school is becoming so strong that it will soon have to be met. The State of New Jersey has its own common law and equity system, the courts are within easy reach on both sides, Princeton University stands for a broad and historical preparation for the profession, and the agitation for a Princeton law school is daily assuming larger dimensions. As to a medical school, who knows? The college has already had invitations to lend its guiding hand to institutions of the first rank already in existence. She could thus have increased her numbers so as to give her a certain prestige which always in this country attaches to size, but she has refrained, fearing to diminish her special strength in a too rapid expansion of activity.

The excellent panoramic drawing which accompanies this article shows better than words can do the beauties of Princeton's site and buildings. Owing to the charm of her extensive lawns and splendid trees, to the efforts which seek to have the best contemporary art represented in her architecture and in the interior decorations of her public buildings, to her close association with American history, to the beautiful vistas opened from her hill-top across the fertile plains at its base as far as the sea, to the gentle southern breezes of summer and the mildness of winter, and in general to the dignified atmosphere of quiet study which is prevalent, the place is rapidly becoming a resort for the tourist and the seeker for rest. With time these influences have exerted a powerful educational effect likewise upon the throngs of students. The town and college are identical. The students therefore determine their own lives, and the result is a dignity and good order which indicate that with self-government comes self-restraint. That standing temptation to the young scholar, dishonesty in examinations, has been nearly obliterated by the extension of student discipline. The honor system, under which no supervision whatever is exercised by the examiner, has now been in operation for some years, a few shining examples of transgressors have been made by the students themselves, and there is every reason to believe that the appeal to honor in a well-constituted academic body has met a gratifying response. The distinction of a university education invites a jealous scrutiny on the part of the public. Princeton has found that in college life, as elsewhere, moral rectitude goes hand in hand with hard work and the absence of temptation. It is not the least of her advantages that she is far removed from the dangerous allurements of large towns, but as her aim is to cultivate manhood rather than to enforce innocence, she has steadily relaxed the paternal vigilance which once characterized college discipline, transforming it into the regulative agency which seeks to punish offenders while encouraging those who do well.

In this connection must be spoken the inevitable word about athletics. The male of the human species passes through a stage when he has ceased to be a boy and is not yet a man, when his passions are virile and his judgment puerile. In the essentials of life he must at that epoch, in spite of his impatience of restraint, remain under tutelage. But how is he to find play for his growing manhood? Where is he to make his blunders and learn his lessons of experience? In some sphere where he will do the least harm and the greatest good both to himself and the community. This sphere is so manifestly that of his physical exercise and sport that the proposition is self-evident. Princeton has not been without her share of athletic renown. The price of her eminence has sometimes been very high in the quick and too often rash conclusions of the public. There have been mistakes, and, human nature being what it is, there will be mistakes in the future, no doubt. But she craves comparison between her system of committing the initiative and largest power to the young men themselves, and that which seeks to make athletics a part of the college course by committing its management to professors and graduates. Princeton stands to-day in the heart and purpose of every alumnus and undergraduate for a high standard of unprofessional sport. She is even willing to accept defeat where purely professional standards, incompatible with devotion to the main object of college life, have crept in unnoticed and unheeded by those whose interests are purely extrinsic to the priceless moral worth of out-door sport for the young. Not only has its management by those who participate in it a high disciplinary value: the various departments of the university are in no way so welded together into common enthusiasm as by the general interest in vigorous athletic contests.

Nowhere has the determination to minimize the evils incident to intercollegiate contests been firmer than in Princeton. The fresh energy of her life is not exhausted in her sports. Her students, as a whole, take more exercise and spend more time in the fresh air because of them: it is the humor of the hour to enjoy the pleasures of bodily exertion, and will be so just as long as the old-fashioned human desire to know which of a number is the better man continues to be implanted in the human breast. But for that reason college men do not neglect the labors which are the purpose of their university career. Those of us who clearly recall the student life of the sixties will also recall the unworthy and often degrading pursuits of those among us who came to college because they were sent: the man of high purpose then was very much what he is now. Examining closely the college life of to-day, what we may call the leisure class of students live on a vastly higher intellectual and moral plane. They have to confront a higher standard of work, and a fashion of living which puts their only chance for distinction in physical excellence: the hours for harmful self-indulgence are thus certainly halved. A chance visitor sees and hears much of college sport. Naturally, for your closest student is so exhausted by severe application that he avoids shop-talk in his hours of ease. But a thorough examination of Princeton College life as it is to-day convinces me that the earnestness of the largest number goes into high things: literature, witness the quality of the *Nassau Magazine* and the *Princetonian*, the powerful life of the two great and almost unique literary societies known as Whig and Clio halls; into science, witness the active clubs for its pursuit, the well-used collections made in its interest, and the societies for the discussion of scientific topics; into art, witness the museum, with its rapid growth and the large attendance on its courses; into philosophy and its kindred disciplines, witness the crowded lecture-rooms and high standard of work done by those who sit there. But the best test of all is in the clean living of the men as a whole: when the great mass is pure, as it certainly is, the logical, incontrovertible conclusion is that those who compose it are hard at work.

Something of what is intended for Princeton's future has already been foreshadowed. It is hoped that she will continue to cultivate her own style. Nothing could be more disastrous to the country than the absolute unification of plan and purpose among its higher institutions of learning: that inevitably leads to intellectual stagnation. Absolutely unsectarian in her charter, Princeton has always

stood for sound religion and high morality. Theological controversy, so much maligned by the thoughtless, has never been shunned by her sister institution, and never will be. But its odium is always less bitter than that of scientific controversy, and in this the university hopes in the future, as in the past, to lend a hand, welcoming truth whencesoever it comes, providing for its teaching, and supporting it against the bigot, whether he masquerades under the name of conservative or of liberal. Catholic in her fundamental position as to philosophy and learning, she hopes also to remain catholic and democratic socially. It is as yet no shame to a Princeton student if his only chair be also his desk, if the uncarpeted floor be his bedstead and his wash-stand; in the library, the class-room, the debating society, the public contest, and on the playing-field he is the peer of any, provided only his ability makes him so. Generous friends have provided ample endowments for the assistance of such in the past; they will not fail in the future. The greatest task of the university is to dissipate the false judgments of private life; to assist, for example, in overcoming the pride of men but moderately endowed with this world's goods—it is they more than any other class who are exclusive. Hugging their modest independence, they shun too close a contact with the rich, and shrink from the frank dependence of the poor. But Princeton has always been gentle with their foible, recognizing in them the great pillar of the republic, and she longs for their presence in ever-increasing numbers. Of patronage from the well-to-do she is assured; the qualities which make them so in material affairs lead them to seek and identify themselves with what is permanent and strong among the institutions of their country, and of these Princeton claims to be one.

THE RELICS OF ROBERT FULTON AT CLAVERACK, NEW YORK.

PERSONAL relics of great men possess for the world an interest which time cannot lessen. Proof of this may be found at the ancient residence of the Ludlow family, near Claverack, New York, where the grandson of Robert Fulton, the inventor of the steamboat, has gathered and preserved numerous mementos of his celebrated ancestor.

Mr. Robert Fulton Ludlow, whose father married Mary Fulton, daughter of the great inventor, is the possessor of these relics. By choice he is an artist and antiquarian. Claverack lies about four miles from the Hudson River pier at Hudson City, from which it may be reached in twelve minutes by the Boston and Albany Railroad. The Ludlow residence where the relics are preserved is on the outskirts of the town. The house, more than one hundred years old, is a large structure in the pure colonial style. Viewed from the roadway, its appearance is very striking—the broad front, gambrel-roof, and oddly shaped casements with small panes of glass, the old-fashioned hall entrance, attract the eye, and the dull yellow of the bricks contrasts pleasingly with the white and black of the window-frames. The hall door was removed to give place to a window, and the hall itself transformed into a large square room. Here Mr. Robert Fulton Ludlow has enshrined his treasures; here he has arranged, with the utmost precision and system, the relics of his famous grandfather which have come to him as family heirlooms. Even though the painter and decorator have recently been actively at work, the antiquity of these chambers is quite evident. The comparatively low ceilings, the deep-set window-seats, heavy doors and shutters, wide high mantel-piece, and spacious fireplace constructed for the burning of logs, all suggest colonial times. Heavy curtains with enormous cords and tassels furnish the windows, but, being drawn to either side, do not obstruct the light nor the pleasant vista of the lawn and the great gnarled tree trunks.

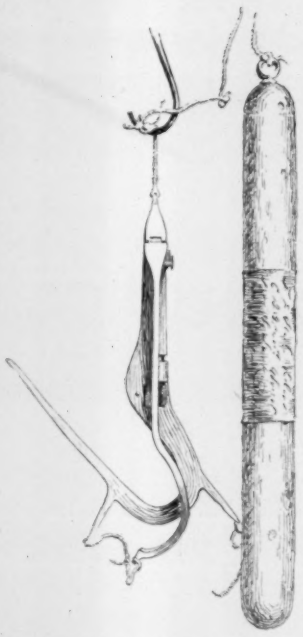
Most of the furniture was in keeping with the old-time character of the room itself. An ancient colonial sideboard supported silver plate brought from France by Minister John Jay, some of which had belonged to Louis XVI. On the occasionally greenish and sometimes blurred small square panes of the old windows Mr. Ludlow pointed out many names written with rings by past generations. Among them were "Van Rensselaer," "Morris," "Ludlow," and others equally well known.

"A visitor," said Mr. Ludlow, with a laugh, "once asked me why I did not put plate-glass in these windows."

Cabinets of rare Wedgwood and other china, miniatures, portraits, and innumerable heirlooms and curiosities filled every recess and corner.

"The relic of my grandfather I am most anxious to show you," continued Mr. Ludlow, "is the portrait by Benjamin West. Robert Fulton, as you know, was one of West's pupils in London, and during that period the great painter made him a present of this portrait. The universally known picture of my grandfather you see in biographical and historical works was made from this. He brought it with him to America in 1805."

The picture looks as though it might have been painted last year, so little has time affected it. The face is that of a man between thirty and forty, wearing the old-fashioned high-collared coat and white stock. In one corner of the canvas is a little picture of a torpedo exploding under a man-of-war. This had reference to Fulton's recent invention.



INVENTION FOR CUTTING SHIPS' CABLES, DESIGNED BY R. FULTON.

Mr. Ludlow then led the writer to a corner of the room.

"Here is the original compass of Robert Fulton's boat, the *Clermont*, the first steamship the world ever saw."[a]

Through the glass case the writer saw a plain, unvarnished wooden box, which looked as though it had seen considerable service. The subdivisions are no finer than northeast, southeast, northwest, southwest. It was in good order. Turn the compass as one would, the needle was true to the pole.

In the same glass case is a model of the invention designed by Robert Fulton for cutting the cables of vessels at anchor. It is not perfect, however, and does not convey a clear idea of the manner in which it was intended to be used. Two curved metal hooks are fastened together somewhat after the fashion of a pair of tongs. Other pieces of metal were clearly connected with some of the missing parts. At the joint where the two curved hooks unite is riveted a pistol-barrel about six inches long and of half-inch bore. The whole thing is fastened by cords to a smooth piece of white-wood two feet long and three inches in diameter. A piece of paper is pasted upon it covered with Fulton's own handwriting. All that is now legible is as follows:

[a] This is a bar of cork or light buoy of pine wood to float on the water, and to which the rope is suspended to prevent it from sinking. If it be desired to cut a cable ten or twenty feet under water, the suspended ropes must be ten or twenty feet long. This is the mode of operating when cutting from the surface of the water. But if it be required to conceal the whole machine under water, suspend the lead."

Of Robert Fulton's capacity and versatility as an artist Mr. Ludlow possesses abundant curiously interesting evidence. He showed the writer two sketch-books that belonged to his grandfather. One is in pen-and-ink, the other in pencil. A clever sketch entitled "Perpetual Motion" is reproduced on the next page. There is a sketch of "Prince Bernadotte of Sweden, from my memory of 1802, at the Baths of Plombières, France. R. Fulton."

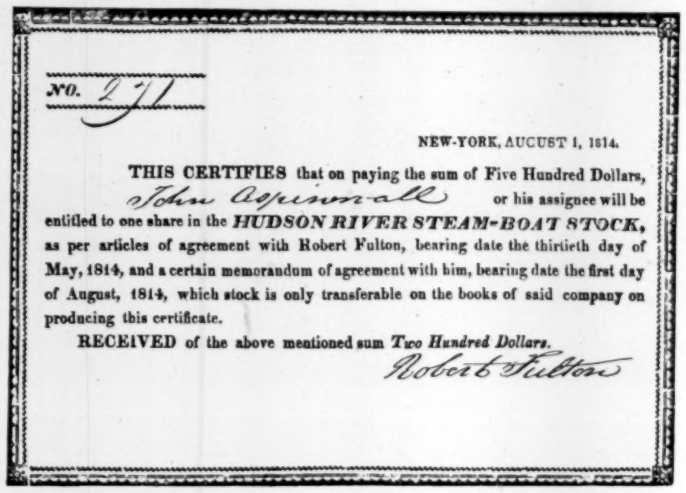
In the year 1806 Robert Fulton made some sketches in Halifax, Nova Scotia, and on board a ship in which he sailed from that port. These comprise "An Indian basket-maker and her son"; a number of pictures of sailors at work; a rescue of a drowning sailor; and, to show that he could enjoy a joke at his own expense, a sketch of a man seated at a table hopelessly seasick, while below is the caption, "Seasickness.—Myself." In the corner are the initials "R. F." Numerous pencil drawings of heads, some of personal friends, whose names they bear, and others which as caricatures show considerable cleverness, are scattered through the sketch-book. The pencil sketches include one of the transverse sections of Fulton's war-ship, *Fulton the First*, built in the ship-yard at Corlears Hook, New York city, and launched on October 29, 1814. This vessel, then moored at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard, blew up on June 14, 1829, causing the death of a number of persons.

A large portrait in oils, executed by Robert Fulton in 1805, came into Mr. Ludlow's possession through the Livingston family. It represents the "Hon. Joel Barlow, United States Minister to France, poet, diplomat, and soldier."

A sectional plan of a model dwelling-house, drawn by Robert Fulton, and shown in the illustrations accompanying this article, has upon its margin the following note in his handwriting: "Some thoughts in colonnade architecture. A mode of building which should be universal in the cities of America. They are in every respect comfortable and produce a great economy, but in such work we move slow to improvement, and, like all mankind, follow old habits rather than contemplate new."

Mr. Ludlow's glass case of relics also contains a lengthy autograph letter from Fulton to J. Henry Latrobe, in which he describes elaborately the proper use of the torpedo, and intersperses the text with numerous diagrams, showing the bottom of the ship and the torpedo in position under water. Another letter, addressed by Fulton to "Mr. Taylor, Bookseller, near Turnstyle, Holborn, London," and dated 1805, refers to the enclosure therein of a drawing of a steamboat, "which you will please have published." A request is also made in this letter that Mr. Taylor make careful inquiry as to whether "anything similar to that shown in the picture is in use in England, Scotland, or Ireland." The writer was shown a faded yellow page from an Albany newspaper, with a note written by Robert Fulton on the margin: "Advertising relating to Gouverneur." Examination of this paper discloses two interesting facts, for it contains on the same page a legal advertisement, describing the sale of some property, in which Fulton's name is mentioned, and the regular newspaper report of the famous reunion at Fraunce's Tavern, in New York city, at which General Washington took formal leave of his officers.

There is one relic of the great inventor which Mr. Ludlow would give much to be able to secure, and that is an autograph letter written to Robert Fulton by Washington



No. 271

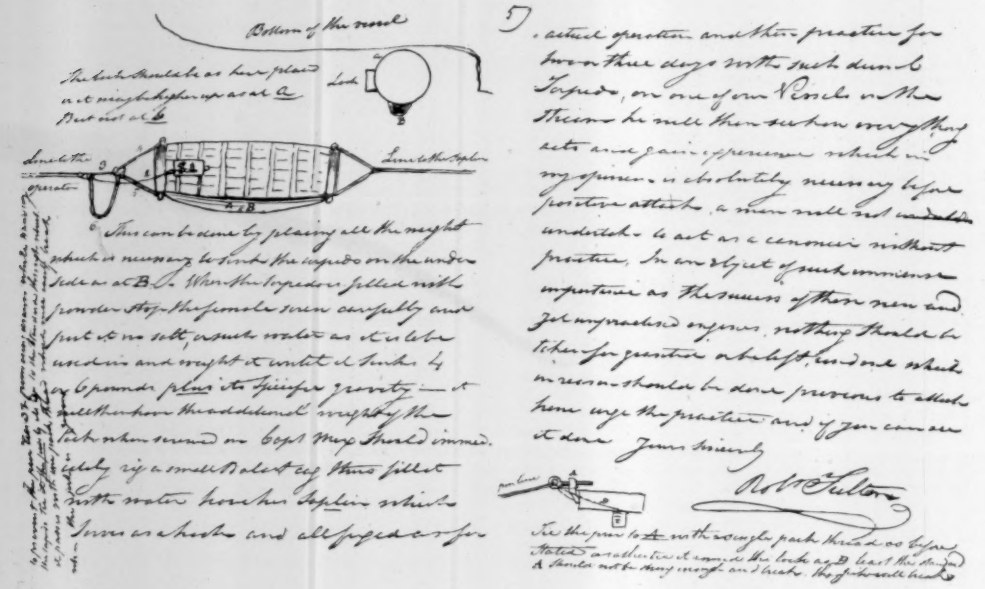
NEW-YORK, AUGUST 1, 1814.

THIS CERTIFIES that on paying the sum of Five Hundred Dollars, John Aspinwall or his assignee will be entitled to one share in the HUDSON RIVER STEAM-BOAT STOCK, as per articles of agreement with Robert Fulton, bearing date the thirtieth day of May, 1814, and a certain memorandum of agreement with him, bearing date the first day of August, 1814, which stock is only transferable on the books of said company on producing this certificate.

RECEIVED of the above mentioned sum *Two Hundred Dollars*.

Robert Fulton

FAC-SIMILE OF HUDSON RIVER STEAMBOAT STOCK CERTIFICATE



FAC-SIMILE OF ROBERT FULTON'S LETTER TO J. HENRY LATROBE.

in 1802, thanking the former for his gift of a book on the subject of canals.

Another rare Fulton relic preserved by Mr. Ludlow is an oddly shaped printed book written and illustrated by Robert Fulton. Here is a copy of the title-page: "Torpedo War And Submarine Explosions. By Robert Fulton, Fellow of the American Philosophical Society, And of the U. S. Military and Philosophical Society; The liberty of the Seas will be the happiness of the Earth. New York, printed by William Elliott, 114 Water Street, 1810." There is one notable illustration of a ship being blown to pieces in mid-ocean: "A view of the Brig Dorothea, as she was blown up on the 15th of October, 1805." Mr. Ludlow says that the only other copy extant of this book, of which he has any knowledge, is that in the Congressional Library at Washington, D. C. The following extract from the work will be found interesting:

"To convince Mr. Pitt and lord Melville that a vessel could be destroyed by the explosion of a Torpedo under her bottom, a strong built Danish brig, the Dorothea, burthen 200 tons, was anchored in Walmer road, near Deal, and within a mile of Walmer Castle, the then residence of Mr. Pitt. Two boats, each with eight men, commanded by lieutenant Robinson, were put under my direction. I prepared two empty Torpedoes in such a manner, that each was only from two to three pounds specifically heavier than salt water; and I so suspended them, that they hung fifteen feet under water. They were then tied one to each end of a small rope eighty feet long: thus arranged, and the brig drawing twelve feet of water, the 14th day of October was spent in practice. Each boat having a Torpedo in the stern, they started from the shore about a mile above the brig, and rowed down towards her; the uniting line of the Torpedoes being stretched to its full extent, the two boats were distant from each other seventy feet; thus they approached in such a manner, that one boat kept the larboard the other the starboard side of the brig in view. So soon as the connecting line of the Torpedoes passed the buoy of the brig, they were thrown into the water, and carried on by the tide, until the connecting line touched the brig's cable; the tide then drove them under her bottom. The experiment being repeated several times, taught the men how to act, and proved to my satisfaction that, when properly placed on the tide, the Torpedoes would invariably go under the bottom of the vessel."

The family medicine-chest of Robert Fulton, now belonging to his grandson, is a neat mahogany case which opens at the side. When open, the two wings of the door turn back flush with the other section of the chest, showing a formidable array of glass-stoppered medicine-bottles,

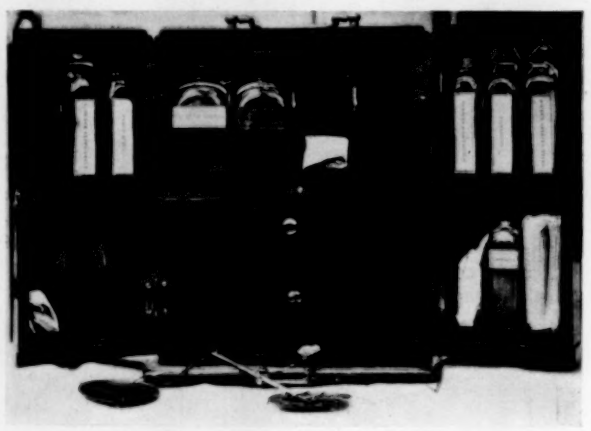
INDIAN BASKET-MAKER AND HER SON.
Pencil Sketch from Robert Fulton's Sketch-book.

ENLARGED MINIATURE PORTRAIT OF ROBERT FULTON.
Artist unknown.

"REDHEFFER'S" PERPETUAL MOTION.
Exhibited in New York in 1813—an Imposition exposed by Fulton.

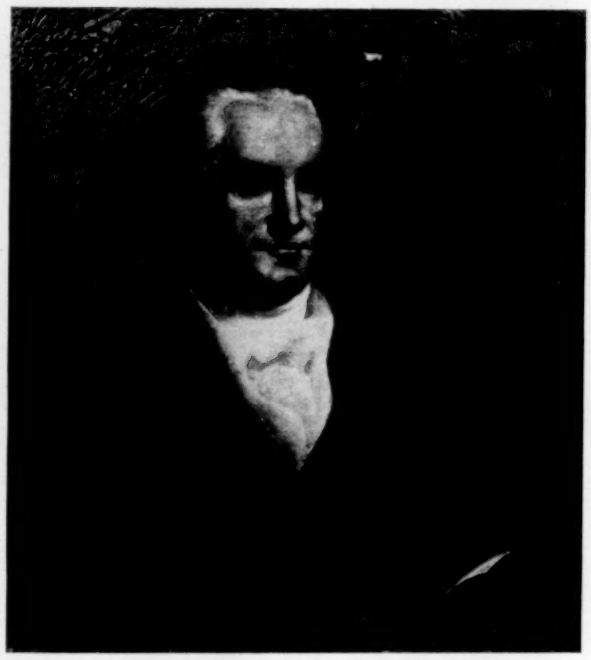
CHARACTERISTIC HEADS.
India-ink Sketches from Robert Fulton's Sketch-book.

ROBERT FULTON'S BIRTHPLACE.
Painting by R. Fulton Ludlow.

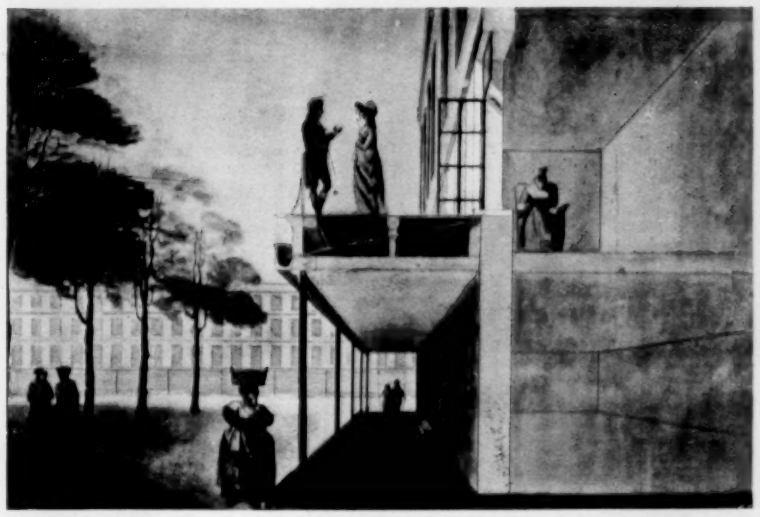


MEDICINE-CHEST USED BY THE FULTON FAMILY.

ROBERT FULTON.
From the Painting by Benj. West, in Possession of R. Fulton Ludlow, Claverack, New York



PORTRAIT OF JOEL BARLOW, AMERICAN MINISTER TO FRANCE.
Painted by Robert Fulton in 1805.



SECTIONAL PLAN OF A MODEL DWELLING-HOUSE.
A Drawing by Robert Fulton embodying "some Thoughts in Colonnade Architecture."

labelled as containing such old-time standard remedies as paregoric, sweet spirits of nitre, spirits of hartshorn, tincture of arnica, essence of peppermint, syrup of ipecac, etc. The contents have not been disturbed since the original owners and their family used to draw upon them in order to assuage the ills that flesh is heir to.

Hanging on the walls of the parlor in the Ludlow residence is a painting, by Mr. Ludlow himself, of the birthplace of his illustrious ancestor, still standing at Little Britain, Pennsylvania. It is a plain, simple structure of brick or stone, and the stuccoed walls, originally white, have turned a dull gray through stress of time and weather. The house has an annex built of logs. When Mr. Ludlow visited the place he saw the original deeds given by Robert Fulton when transferring the property to a family named Swift, the present owners. The ivory miniature of Fulton shown in the illustrations was the property of his daughter, Mrs. Ludlow, who left it to her son. The artist and date of the execution of the miniature are not known to Mr. Ludlow. The certificate of stock, No. 271, for $200, on account of the sum of $500, entitling John Aspinwall to one share in the Hudson River Steamboat Company, is dated August 1, 1814, and is signed in writing by Robert Fulton.

The body of the inventor is buried in the Livingston vault in Old Trinity Church-yard, New York city.

HERBERT BEERBOHM TREE.

BY GILBERT PARKER.

In the days of Kean and Macready, actors like Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree were practically unknown. They are the product of the later day of our civilization in art. Seventy-five years ago, even twenty-five years ago, the old method gave us actors who had been drilled and educated in a convention as imperious and systematic in its way as the teaching at the great national theatre in Paris. But those were the days when in England and America artists as well as artisans served a careful, laborious, and rigid apprenticeship in their work. Handicraft has given place to machine-craft, and actors in their crafts now would seem to say that, like the poet, they are born and not made. The old pride of workmanship, the old certainty of method, together with the old romance which settled round a traditional occupation, and the substantial certainty which a conventional training gave, are not so conspicuous now. There has been an emancipation from convention; that is, on one hand; but a danger also has come with the supposed newer freedom and originality.

The old method produced some great actors; it produced generally good workmen. The new method produces some good actors and a large number of indifferent workmen. In the artisan nowadays we find little pride in the work which his hand can do; he is governed by the very machine which he is supposed to command. On the stage the actor, who in a great many cases has stepped immediately from the lawyer's office to the boards, gifted with a pleasant manner, some gifts of elocution, and a genial adaptability and *sang-froid*, is either strong enough to work out a scheme of acting of his own, original and subtle, or becomes a sort of milliner of acting, governed by modes as imperious as and less artistic than the stately, somewhat cumbersome—to our minds, rather grotesquely grave—methods of Fechter, Forrest, Macready, and Siddons.

It is charming nowadays to watch the easy, gentlemanly, emotional acting in the modern society drama, or the Bowdlerized edition of Sardou, but one does miss all too often that romantic spirit of the old, deliberate

BEERBOHM TREE AS HAMLET.

convention which, look at it how you will, is suited, if not altogether suited, to the stage. It is not acting to do exactly as one does in real life, else there were no need of grease paints and lime-light, of pronounced colors, of careful arrangement of exits and entrances, of the illusive machinery of the stage. Everything that is done in life and imitated on the stage must be accentuated before the foot-lights, and if the accent is the result of a convention,

BEERBOHM TREE AS ISACHAR, IN "HYPATIA."

which itself is the result of generations of experience and tradition, a certain dignity and largeness which in our more trivial and unromantic era are declining are given to the presentation.

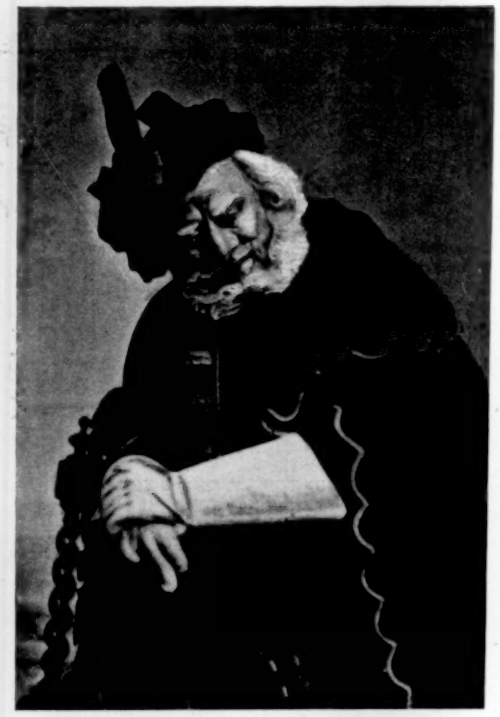
Now Mr. Tree, as it seems to me, is the product of both conventions. He did not step from the theological college, or the banker's desk, or the doctor's dispensary to fly his wayward talents suddenly upon the boards, but, beginning to play as an amateur just at the time when the old convention was lapsing, he acted under its influence more or less for a number of years, playing at least a hundred and fifty parts before he appeared professionally as Grimaldi, at the Globe Theatre in London, in 1877. He had a superior intelligence and an excellent education; sentimentality was absent from him; he had the freedom from self-consciousness which characterizes the man of the world, and he viewed his art as a game to be learned and played, from the wildest farcical comedy to the most serious representation of *Hamlet*. He created the *Private Secretary*, he was successful in *Forget Me Not*, he made an impression as Iago, he was effective in the *School for Scandal*, and he entered into the playing of Falstaff, of *A Man's Shadow*, of *The Pompadour*, and *The Enemy of the People* with equal enthusiasm and identification of character. Belonging to the more modern school of acting, which is warmer, more flexuous, lighter, and more subtle than the old, he also has, as has Mr. Irving, the solid fibre of the perfectly trained actor in all that he does. It is a satisfaction to see Mr. Tree playing, if for no other reason than to watch his admirable methods, apart from his original treatment of a character—the arrangement of a situation, the piling up of subtle detail to the auspicious and vital moment, when he produces a masterly effect by a hurried climax, as does Balzac in one of his stories. This ought not to be confused with a literary climax, with the dramatist's work; it is rather the artistic arrangement of the incidents of a scene, and the discipline of his own action, saving all searching effects for their proper place, and giving their true proportion to the great event of the story.

There is nothing very massive about Mr. Tree's acting, none of those great bursts of passion which marked the acting of Salvini or that of Edwin Booth, and really gave an inequality to some of Mr. Booth's work; but there is what one might call a general eloquence, an alluring subtlety, a fanciful quality and alertness of sense, which fascinates, which crystallizes into taste and charm, while it also finds expression in delicately powerful pieces of acting.

In talking with Mr. Tree one recognizes that he is a man of imagination and literary insight, with a temperament full of sympathy and humanity. He is not without the genial irony which marks the mental habit of so many artists nowadays, but against that is set a really marked simplicity, love of life, of character, and an active respect for the beautiful. He is not sentimental, yet he has sentiment; he is a man of manners, yet his reserve is the frugality of a warm nature rather than the isolation of egoism. Impulsive he certainly is, but yet he is also deliberate and constant in all that concerns his work. He is hard to satisfy; at rehearsal he is imperious and exacting; but he has the confidence of all who play with him or write for him; for all know that he is the true and sympathetic craftsman, looking after the divine effect. He is a man of moods, but he would be no actor if he were not. His effects are not machine-made; they are the result of impressions, of a spirit amenable to the power of the right thing, governed by the good discipline of art which says "this thou shalt do" and "this thou shalt not do."

Few men have a greater respect for their art than has Mr. Tree. He may sometimes be mistaken as to the selection of plays, but not often; that is largely a matter of being able to hit the public taste; but he does hit it as often as the best in his profession, and more often than most. Mr. Henry Arthur Jones suited him well in the *Dancing Girl*, through the character of the Duke of Guiseberry; he was not quite so successful with *The Tempter*, but that was to be expected. The devil is not nearly so interesting to us as he used to be when we believed in him more. Mr. Oscar Wilde suited him in *A Woman of No Importance*, through the character of Lord Illingworth, an effective and clever portrayal of a gentlemanly blackguard. Mr. Sidney Grundy not so long ago gave him a good opportunity in *A Bunch of Violets*, a moderately strong play, through another pleasantly offensive scoundrel, who, balked, exposed, and ruined, held in sorrowful contempt by his friends, betrayed by his trusted servant, and suffering the horror-stricken reproach of his wife and child, takes poison—good old-fashioned panacea—and dies a strong death, as a weak villain should. Mr. Haddon Chambers, who is among the most natural and ablest of our dramatists, has given Mr. Tree an excellent part in his new play, soon to be presented in America, called *John a' Dreams*. This is a powerful study of an opium-eating sinner, and Mr. Tree shares with Mrs. Patrick Campbell, an admirable actress, who has a genius somewhat wayward but unmistakable, a success likely to be repeated in New York when the play is produced here. It is probable that Mr. Tree will open his season in New York with *The Red Lamp*, written by Mr. Outram Tristam—a story of Russian Nihilism, in which Mr. Tree plays the part of a chief of secret police, one Demetrius, a quaint, shrewd, and testy fellow, who has flashes of tenderness, giving a subtle charm to a really robust character. Associated with this will be the one-act play, *The Ballad-Monger*, in which Mr. Tree plays Gringoire, the poet of the people, who travels through a fanciful tale of danger and love to a happy goal.

But one supposes that the American public will be interested in Mr. Tree's representation of Hamlet more than in any other of the characters played by him. I had not seen Mr. Tree play Hamlet in London, having been abroad when it was produced at the Haymarket Theatre, and so last September I was glad to have the chance of watching him play it in Liverpool. One prophesies for his presentation of the character here the most varied interest and criticism. It is unlike any Hamlet that one has seen—Fechter's, Edwin Booth's, Lawrence Barrett's, Henry Irving's, Mr. Willard's, etc. It is not—but no, comparisons will not do; it is sufficient to say that the notable characteristic of Mr. Tree's Hamlet is its intense humanness, youthful simplicity, poetical eloquence and tenderness. One misses at times the philosophical, intellectual precision which Hamlet when solitary or with Horatio shows us in a clear flame; but there is that in his Hamlet which is vital, endearing, truthful, and poetically humane. He is never cruel, never gives a suggestion of having wronged Ophelia or treated her brutally out of wantonness. There is one clear, powerful motive running through all Mr. Tree's rendering of the character: Hamlet's horror and misery because of his mother's shameful alliance with the king, and her share in his father's death. One gets the idea, deep and touching, not of a mad Hamlet, but of a disordered life and the overwhelmed spirit of a man who loved, yet used his mistress cruelly, first because the being he loved and believed in most, his own mother, had deceived him, and again because Ophelia herself lied to him. Joined to this, there is the impression of a poetic nature which



BEERBOHM TREE AS FALSTAFF.

never yet had been stirred to heroic action, which shrank from revenge, and was disturbed by philosophic doubts and shaken in all his loving spirit by acts of infamy. Only after he had tasted action in the sea-fight when he was sent to England, and endured the sufferings of shipwreck, does he change from the man of inaction to the man of action. Sobered by enterprise, more composed but not less brilliant, passionate but not idly so, he proceeds to his duel with Laertes with a regnant spirit, with a sense of doom upon him, but with a new aspect of mind towards life and death and the Something above us, which finds expression in the words, "There is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now... the readiness is all."

All this Mr. Tree shows us in his Hamlet—tender, dignified, passionate, melancholy, a genius, not a scholar, more human than any other notable presentation of the character. However it differs in certain aspects of art from previous Hamlets, it is, as was said above, true to the spirit of Shakespeare's creation: the gentle prince and loving comrade over whom the most loyal of friends, Horatio, said at the last, "Good-night, sweet prince; and flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!" of whom Ophelia (played with a perfect charm by Mrs. Tree) said, "O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!"

THE ENGAGEMENT-BOOK.

A Comedy in One Act.

BY POLLY KING.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

PAUL HAYNES, *professor of mathematics at Columbia.*
GERALD REYNOLDS.
CHARLOTTE HAYNES, *Paul's sister.*
DORA REYNOLDS, *Charlotte's intimate friend.*
BUTTONS.

SCENE.—Paul Haynes's *study. At rise of curtain* Paul Haynes *discovered seated at a desk, which is littered with papers. He looks wildly around, runs his hands through his hair, and is apparently searching for something.*

Paul. Where's that book of Professor Whitey's? Oh, why do they clear up my things? I can't find anything. It's a yellow book. (*Turns desk into worse disorder.*) Ah! that's it—no—why, what is this? A blank book. (*Reads.*) Engagement-book. I'm not engaged—yet. Oh, I remember, my sister, who is always worrying about my bad memory, told me to write my engagements down in it, and then I would remember them. It will have to be a very marvellous book to make me do that, but as long as she has given it to me I suppose I must use it. (*Writes.*) October 15, 1893. Now let me see what else I've got to do. Oh yes; solve equation 19 (*writes*); and I suppose we are going to dinner somewhere (*writes*); and—oh yes; I was going to ask Dora to marry me to-day. (*Writes. Repeats to himself.*) Remember to ask Dora to marry me. (*Looking at page with pride.*) Now who can say that I am not regular and orderly in my habits? (*Puts book down on desk; writes absorbedly. Knock at the door.*) Come in! Oh! come in!

[*Enter* Charlotte *and* Dora.]

Charlotte. May we come in and stay a little while? The workmen are painting the drawing-room ceiling, and the whole house smells of paint. (*To* Dora.) That is just the way he always is. Half the time he doesn't know I exist. He runs his hands through his hair so that most of the time he looks like a Borneo savage. Just look at him!

Dora. But then it gives a rather distinguished air—having your hair mussed up. You wouldn't have a college professor wear a bang, would you?

Charlotte. I shouldn't *have* a college professor. Do you know, Dora, my ideal of a man is one who is utterly commonplace.

Dora (*aside*). And so he is.

Charlotte. He will dress beautifully, and play tennis, and always know the time for luncheon, and whether I've got on a new dress or an old one—all the essential things.

Dora. That don't make a bit of difference.

Charlotte. Now tell me what is your ideal man like? Paul doesn't hear. He might just as well be asleep, for all he notices when he's at mathematics.

[Paul *raises his head to listen.*]

Dora. My ideal man would depend a good deal on his capabilities for loving me. I don't believe I could really say just what he should be like; he mustn't be commonplace, that's all. You see, Lottie, we're a very philistine family, and with seven brothers and sisters, a mother and father and unlimited relations, who never forgot the time for lunch in their lives, there's a certain attractiveness about a person who could.

[Paul *starts as though to go to her, but remembers* Charlotte's *presence, and sits down again.*]

Charlotte (*in a tone of deep conviction*). Well, you really ought to live with Paul for about a week. Forget his luncheon? Why, he forgets to come to dinner. He'd soon cure you of admiring the eccentricity of genius. How would you like it if every time you asked him to go anywhere he said he was too busy?

Paul (*aside*). I shouldn't be too busy.

Charlotte. And then to have him go home alone, and leave you at a party because he had forgotten you?

Paul (*aside*). I shouldn't forget her.

Dora (*laughing*). Why, you tragic little thing, I'd think it was funny!

Charlotte. Well, you must have a very keen sense of humor, that's all, to see any fun in being abandoned at a crush, to come home by yourself at two o'clock in the morning in a pink silk dress and a light cloak. Of course every body thought he must have been tight.

Paul (*aside*). Good heavens! this is too much!

Dora (*laughing*). I can't help laughing. It's too funny. Poor Lottie! What you have suffered at the hands of your celebrated brother! Won't you have one of mine? Certainly none of my five commonplace brothers would be guilty of any such amusing enormities. Let us trade. You can have your choice.

Charlotte (*severely*). I suppose you will laugh about that too; but, to tell the truth, I have made my choice—Gerald. [Paul *smiles broadly.*]

Dora (*enthusiastically*). Gerald! He always was my pet. I think you're just made for each other. (*Embraces her.*) What a lovely ring! When is it going to be?

Charlotte (*scornfully*). Oh, we're going to have a long engagement. Do you suppose I can leave my brother? Why, he'd starve, and the place would go to rack and ruin.

Paul. She talks as though if it were not for her restraining influence I should break up the furniture or smash the window-glasses to amuse myself. I am evidently a dangerous lunatic.

[Dora *laughs. Knock at the door. Enter* Buttons.]

Buttons. Mr. Reynolds to see you, sir.

[*Exit* Buttons.]

Charlotte. I think, Dora, we'd better go and see how the painting is getting on. Men are such stupid creatures; they can never do anything without a woman's judgment.

[*Exeunt* Charlotte *and* Dora. *Door opens again.* Charlotte *pushes in* Gerald. Paul *bends over desk.*]

Gerald. How I feel! Good heavens! if only he doesn't remember that I was plucked in my examination last spring! Thirty-five per cent. in mathematics! Why didn't Charlotte come in too? (Paul *begins to draw a caricature of* Gerald.) How mean it makes me feel to think I am going to rob him of the greatest joy of his life, though if he remembers that calculus paper, he'll probably refuse his consent. How busy he is! I suppose I am interrupting him right in the middle of the most important calculations. (Paul *finishes caricature, and holds it up to the audience.* Gerald *goes up to desk. Nervously.*) Beg pardon. I'm very sorry to disturb you, professor.

Paul. Oh, you don't disturb me! The young ladies have just gone to look at the drawing-room ceiling. Perhaps you are interested in the drawing-room ceiling and would like to join them?

Gerald. No, not just yet. In fact, professor, I want to see you on an important matter.

Paul (*kindly*). Sit down. Won't you smoke? (*Lights pipe;* Gerald *smokes cigarette.*) Let me see. You were in my class in '94, weren't you?

Gerald (*blankly*). Oh—yes—yes, class of '94. (*Aside.*) Now with the awful memory Charlotte says he has, how did he come to remember that? (*Smiles faintly.*) Yes; I remember my college days with much ter—happiness. (*Falls to sucking his cane. Nervously.*) I know, professor, that my calculus paper was the worst one that was ever sent up to the faculty, and I suppose you think that a man who doesn't know any more than that ought not to be allowed to have a wife. But I love her. (*Stammers.*)

I wanted to ask your—your consent—to ask you for your sister's hand. [*Sucks cane.*]

Paul. My dear fellow, you mustn't think that I measure every man by his power to understand my own specialty, and that a happy marriage need be based on a higher mathematical level than one necessary to add up the grocer's and butcher's bills. My sister's hand goes with her heart; if you have that, I have nothing whatever to say.

Gerald (*thinking*). How nice he is! All the men in the class worshipped him, and I don't wonder. (*To* Paul.) Miss Charlotte has told me that with your consent she is willing to be my wife. Of course you know my family—oldest Knickerbocker family in the city. Miss Charlotte will have the best position—in fact, will be a leader in society, and of course I can give her every luxury and comfort.

Paul. I care very little for position and luxury. Make her happy, that is all I ask you.

Gerald (*warmly*). I will try.

[*They shake hands.*]

Paul. Give her her own way. I always have. Women like to feel important, and to think that the globe would stop going around if they didn't gently encourage it to keep up its spirits and go on. I have never crossed Charlotte or spoken a harsh word to her since the day when, a little motherless ten-year-old girl in a black frock, she took her place at the head of the table and poured out my coffee the day after our mother was buried. In giving you her hand I give you a very capable helpmate's hand, and if you ever get impatient at her faults, lay them not to her account, but mine—a very absent-minded bachelor, ignorant of the nature of young girls, whose aim has been to make her happy.

Gerald. Oh, I think she's been brought up splendidly, professor. You needn't worry about my not letting her have her own way. It's always been the hardest thing for me to decide anything, even about neckties. Miss Charlotte is so quick at deciding things, and such a good judge of neckties. (*Recollecting himself.*) There are several things we thought I ought to talk over with you—the wedding, you know.

Paul. Oh, you can have the wedding any time you like.

Gerald (*in amazement*). Miss Charlotte has decided the time, I believe, but it is our wish—both our wishes—to be married at high noon in the Church of the Consecrated Turtle-Dove, of which we are members. Charlotte wished me to remind you that, as her nearest male relative, you would have to give her away.

Paul. Give her away? But I have!

Gerald (*aside*). Now comes the tussle. Charlotte said he was sure to make a fuss. (*To* Paul.) No; but in the church—take part in the ceremony—

Paul. I take part in a wedding ceremony! Never!

Gerald. But you may have to; you may be married yourself some day.

Paul. What, I profane the most sacred moments of my life by standing up in brand-new clothes as part of an amusing show in a church crowded with gaping, excited women? Never!

Gerald. But it is the custom. No person in our set can be married without a church wedding. Why, it would be the scandal of the winter.

Paul. It is a perfectly barbarous custom. Oh, why didn't I refuse my consent? Then you would have had to elope. You might elope just the same, though—save a lot of time and trouble. Why don't you elope to-night? I'll give my permission.

Charlotte (*who has entered softly*). I elope? (Paul *and* Gerald *look at each other in consternation.*) May I inquire, Paul, if you consider it dignified to speak of my marriage in such an extraordinary manner? One would suppose we lived in an age of sentiment. Why, we can't think of being married for months with all that we have to do. Elope? Let alone that I should be the talk of the town, I shouldn't have any wedding presents.

Paul. But what will you be doing for such a long time?

Charlotte. Oh, you dear old innocent! No self-respecting woman can be married nowadays without months being spent on her trousseau. Why, I didn't sleep a wink last night for thinking of my bridemaids' dresses.

Gerald. Ah, marriage now is a serious matter. No man can really think of proposing to a girl unless he has fifteen thousand a year. Why, even an engagement has responsibilities and formalities that are positively alarming the first time you go through them.

Charlotte. Our engagement will be announced in the latest London form; then our friends will give us a series of congratulatory dinners and receptions; finally, after Lent, with a trousseau that will be described in all the papers, amid an assemblage of the most fashionable people in New York, I shall walk up the centre aisle of the Church of the Consecrated Turtle-Dove, following twelve pink and blue Gainsborough bridemaids, on your arm.

Gerald. And I shall be busy giving my farewell bachelor dinner, thinking up something *chic* and new for my groomsmen's pins, selecting the coupé, and thinking of you.

Paul (*looking from one to the other*). So this is thinking of marriage seriously, is it?

Gerald and Charlotte. Oh yes! No girl in our set would think of being married in any other way.

Paul. Evidently, then, I've got to look for a woman outside the set. And what part am I to take in this pageant?

Charlotte. Nothing much, dear. You only have to walk with me down the aisle—we'll have to practise for weeks so that you will keep step—then after a little while the clergyman says, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" and you say, "I will."

Gerald. No, he doesn't. He doesn't say anything.

Paul. I've never been to a wedding. What an extraordinary thing it must be! Is the service all in words of one syllable?

[*Enter* Dora.]

Dora. Do say you'll do it. They'll be so much happier. I'm going to be first bridemaid, and I'll poke you with a hat-pin when the time comes, so that you'll do it all right.

Paul. Very well. Under consideration that the first bridemaid will poke me with a hat-pin, I consent to take part in this ceremony, and I will practise a proper and sedate expression, as well as the necessary funeral pace.

Gerald and Charlotte. Oh, we're so much obliged!

Charlotte. Come, Gerald, let us go and look over the list of people we must send announcements to.

[*Exeunt* Charlotte *and* Gerald.]

Paul. Tell me, Miss Reynolds, is it really true that marriage nowadays is not an affair of sentiment, but of money, carriages, and flummery? Is it true that no woman in your set would dream of marrying under fifteen thousand a year, that a betrothal is merely a matter of clothes and formalities, and that a wedding is not really sanctified unless it takes place with a blare of newspaper reports in the Church of the Consecrated Turtle-Dove?

Dora. I'm sure I don't think so. Why, one of my intimate friends lives in a little flat in Harlem, and she says she is very happy. (*Dreamily.*) I've always thought that I should like to have a quiet wedding in some church like the Little Church around the Corner; slip in there some afternoon at dusk, away from the bustle and gayety of Fifth Avenue, and be married when no one knew, just like my great-great-grandmother, Lady Betty Morgan, who was married at St. Paul's a hundred years ago.

Paul. Bless her little heart!

Dora. But I'm disturbing you. I must go. You were busy writing when we were here before.

Paul. No I wasn't; I was listening.

Dora. How mean of you! Why, we might have said all kinds of things that you wouldn't like to hear.

Paul. I can't say that I altogether liked what you did say. It is rather hard for a man to praise himself after such a truthful showing up of his sins and limitations. My only hope is that perhaps I am not thoroughly bad—to the core. In the right hands (*glancing at hers*) I think I might reform—somewhat. For instance, suppose I was married, and my wife asked me to go to a five-o'clock tea, and I said I was too busy—

Dora. She most likely wouldn't ask you. Probably she would much rather go alone.

Paul (*nervously*). Oh, she'd much rather go alone! And if I forgot her at a party—

Dora. Why, she'd simply have another man bring her home.

Paul (*wrathfully*). No, she wouldn't.

Dora. I don't believe you'd forget her more than once.

Paul (*ardently*). Not even once.

Dora (*checking him teasingly*). What a life you have led poor Charlotte! Just think of the amount of comfort she will take in Gerald, who always remembers to put on a different coat for each time of day, who gives me points about my dresses, and who wouldn't be guilty of such a thing as having an idea.

Paul. I couldn't give you points about your dresses, because I think they are perfect; but I do have ideas.

Dora (*rising and laughing*). Expressed in x is the cube of y. So interesting and intelligent!

Paul (*in despair*). You won't take me seriously. It's all Charlotte's fault. I tell you I'm capable of reform. Why, I'm already being reformed. I've got a book. You write down everything you ought to do for the day, and then you cross them off as you do them.

Dora. How many pages have you crossed off?

Paul. Why, I only began it to-day.

[Dora *takes up engagement-book and sits on arm of chair.*]

Dora. Stand up, now, prisoner at the bar, and I will put you to the test of whether your memory is irrevocably bad, or whether it is worth a portion of my valuable time to try and reform you. October 15th. Now let's see if you've done any of these things. (*Reads.*) "Due at the tailor's at 11.15; won't go." Did you do that?

Paul. Yes, certainly; that is, I didn't go.

Dora. I'll draw a line through the items to show that you have done them. What comes next? "Send check to the widow of Barney Adams the printer." Did you send it?

Paul (*absently*). Yes—fifty dollars.

Dora (*drawing her pencil through it with a sweet smile*). What a lovely thing to have remembered to do! (*Reads sentimentally.*) "Insist on having better whiskey."

Paul. I insisted. (*Apologetically.*) Charlotte is not a very good judge of whiskey.

Dora. "Remember to solve equation 19."

Paul (*goes up to desk and gets it. With pride*). It is solved. You can look it over.

Dora. No, thank you. (*Reads.*) "Go to dinner somewhere." That's a little vague. I should think it would be difficult to find the house. But I suppose you are going?

Paul (*absently*). Oh yes; Charlotte will make me when it is dinner-time. I wonder where page five is?

[*Goes to the desk and searches for it.*]

Dora (*reads*). "Remember to ask Dora to marry me."

[*Drops the book.*]

Paul (*still searching*). Where can it be? Oh, here it is! Where have you got to? (*Looks at her.*) Why, what's the matter? (*Picks up book.*) Let me see. Is there something else I haven't done? (*Aside.*) That's just the way Charlotte looks when I don't do things.

Dora (*wrathfully*). To put me down between whiskey and going out to dinner, along with your tailor and equations and an Irishman's widow!

Paul (*picking up book, takes her hand and reads*). "Remember to ask Dora to marry me."

Dora. Well, aren't you going to?

Paul. It seems so much more difficult to ask you to be my wife than to solve the hardest equation in the calculus. Darling (*putting his arm around her*), will you be generous, and draw your pencil through that line too? Come, let us make my little book the silent witness of an engagement that I shall never forget as long as I live.

[Dora *puts the pencil in her mouth and draws it through the line.*]

Dora. You'll probably never remember the day of your wedding, but still—

[Paul *stops her with a kiss.*]

Paul. But not at the Church of the Consecrated Turtle-Dove.

[*Enter* Charlotte *and* Gerald.]

Charlotte and Gerald (*with horror*). What, not at the Church of the Consecrated Turtle-Dove?

CURTAIN.

RETARDING PHYSICAL DECAY.

"If the repair were always identical with the waste, life would then only be terminated by accident, never by old age." This is a fact well known to all who have investigated the subject, though Mr. G. H. Lewes, in his *Physiology of Common Life*, makes the statement quoted. In early years this balance of the human system is admirably preserved. As man advances in life, however, and gets up to fifty or sixty, he begins to get stiff in the joints, and experiences what he calls "feeling his age." Renovation of various organs of the body depends on the blood, and if this supply is not at all times furnished in sufficient quantity and quality, a gradual deterioration takes place. Heart and arteries become clogged, and the whole delicate machinery suffers from the lack of nourishment. Deposits of phosphate and carbonate of lime accumulate, and the change is really a chemical one, by which the blood is hindered from going to the extremities of the system and fulfilling its work of repair and renovation. Old age, then, is the result of a change in the blood, which becomes overloaded with earthy salts, leaves its refuse matter in the system, and the valves of the heart become cartilaginous. Becoming thus, the heart is not able to propel the blood to its destination. Arteries also having become ossified, a still further obstruction takes place, and the whole body languishes. Blood is life. If it is kept continually in good order, our years are prolonged. New bodies, as in youth and early manhood, do not accumulate these fibrinous and gelatinous deposits, which, as the years go by, help the gradual process of ossification and cause the decrepitude of age. Now if some means were discovered by which the blood could be kept in a condition like that of youth, it would throw off these earthy salts which obstruct the action of the heart and arteries. Our food and drink make our blood. It seems, then, that it is to them we should look primarily for the quality of it.

Without eating and drinking there is no life; but we may select certain kinds of food containing a minimum amount of the elements which cause the ossific blockages in the system. An English physician, Dr. C. F. De Lacy Evans, who made many researches in regard to our food, comes to the conclusion that more fruit should be eaten, especially apples, grapes, and bananas, they being rich in nutritious elements. Being deficient in nitrogen, they are best for elderly people, as they keep the blood in a better condition than flesh.

After the age of sixty people should eat less beef and mutton, and use more apples and nuts of all kinds, the latter being rich in many of the nutritious elements of meat. Fish and poultry have not the objectionable earth salts of beef. In order to retard physical decay and to keep the blood in a wholesome condition distilled water is recommended. It has solvent qualities which act upon the earth salts in the blood and expel them from the body. A goblet of this water taken three times a day, with ten or fifteen drops of diluted phosphoric acid in each glass, has a tendency to assist the blood in eliminating the obstructing salts. A man is as old as his arteries. If they are soft and compressible the deteriorating effects of old age have not appeared.

Flourens in his well-known work on *Human Longevity* cites the case of the Italian centenarian Cornaro, whose recipe for health and long life was extreme moderation in all things. Flourens himself insists that a century is the normal life, but that fifty years beyond, and even two hundred years, are human possibilities under advantageous conditions. Hufeland also believed in two hundred years as an extreme limit. Sir James Crichton Browne, M.D., concedes, in a late address, that Flourens was right. Duration of growth gives the length of life. Hufeland held that the human body grows till the age of twenty-five, and that eight times the growth period was the utmost limit of man. But if twenty years be taken as the time of growth, even five times that will give us a century. According to Flourens and Cuvier, man is of the frugivorous or fruit and nut eating class of animals, like the gorillas and other apes and monkeys. Man has not teeth like the lions and carnivorous beasts, neither has he teeth like the cows and herbivorous ones. Intestines in the man are seven or eight times the length of the body; the lion's are but three times the length of his body. Herbivorous animals, like the cow, have intestines forty-eight times the length of the body.

So, judging man by his teeth, his stomach, and his intestines, he is naturally and primitively frugivorous, and was not intended to eat flesh. Fruit is aperient, and apples act on the liver, and are good brain food also, as they contain much phosphoric acid. As to the effect of certain climates, perhaps too much stress has been laid upon that. We find that Thomas Parr, who lived in England, died in his 153d year, and was dissected by the celebrated discoverer of the circulation of the blood, Dr. William Harvey (who expressed no doubt of his age), was never out of his native country. Accounts of men who have lived to extreme age in Ecuador and Mexico indicate possibilities. A climate that allows much out-door living is the best for health. More depends on food than on any climate. Exercise, fresh air to live in and to sleep in, daily bathing, and freedom from medicine are the important things. In July, 1893, the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, published a long account of James McMullin, who died in Carlisle County, Kentucky, at 117 years of age. When Buffon, Hufeland, Flourens, and men of that class, who had studied the subject, believed in the possibility of 150 or 200 years of life, the subject is not to be laughed at.

WILLIAM KINNEAR.

A SOUL.

A SOUL may wander through dim shades of night
In doubt and darkness dense, in pain and dole;
Yea, sin and pain may bow to loathsome plight
A Soul.

Yet could our faint eyes grasp existence' whole,
See life emerge through failure into might,
As swims the cloud-rid moon from pole to pole,

Then should we see, through darkness, bane, and blight,
God drawing to Himself, Himself the goal,
Through shifting shadows to the perfect light,
A Soul.

HANNAH PARKER KIMBALL.

LAUNCH OF THE "NORTH LAND."

On January 5, 1894, the *North West*, the first of the new Lake steamers, was successfully launched from the Globe Ship-Yards in Cleveland, and on June 10th began her season's trips between Buffalo and Duluth. She made sixteen trips each way, carried nearly 10,000 passengers, and developed a speed of fourteen and a half miles per hour in the shallowest parts of the rivers, and twenty-three miles on the deeper lakes.

On Saturday, January 5, 1895, the second steamer was added to the fleet, and was successfully launched from the Globe yards in the presence of many thousands of interested spectators. The new steamer was named *North Land* by Miss Martha Peyton, of Duluth; the signal for the launching was given by Miss Gertrude Hanna, of Cleveland.

The custom of the Globe ship-building people of launching their vessels broadside on was observed in this instance, and it certainly adds to the majesty and grandeur of the spectacle, besides giving the vessel an even keel during the period of its construction, which is of course the real reason for the change from the method generally employed. The magnificent spectacle was witnessed by many thousands of persons, and its success was celebrated by the tooting of every steam-craft along the river, many of which, now being in ordinary, raised steam for the purpose.

The new steamer, which is 383 feet long, with a moulded breadth of 44 feet, and a depth to the spar deck of 34½ feet, is a twin-screw propeller, with two vertical quadruple-expansion engines of 3500 horse-power each, and is identical in every particular with the *North West*, which was described in the WEEKLY last June. Both steamers will be placed in commission in June. This year they will touch at Mackinaw Island, in Lake Michigan, so that the beautiful scene of Miss Woolson's *Anne*, which has so long been the Chicago Newport, will now be added to the list of Eastern summer resorts as well.

PROF. WILDER AND INTER-COLLEGIATE CONTESTS.

Professor Burt G. Wilder is not satisfied with the note already published in the WEEKLY concerning Mr. Caspar W. Whitney's allusion to his action and views on inter-collegiate football contests. Hence the WEEKLY now adds the following:

1. The statements concerning Professor Wilder's physical condition in Mr. Whitney's article were not correct. Professor Wilder is not a weak or sickly man, and he was a vigorous boy. His old teacher, John E. Hoar, declares that "he particularly enjoyed and excelled in all the hardy sports of his companions, football included." Charles B. Fox, formerly Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Volunteers, serving in the South from July, 1863, to September, 1865, certifies that Professor Wilder, when in the army, was "always on duty and ready for any expedition, fearless as a horseman," and that he, "on James Island, July 2, 1864, with his stretcher corps, brought off all our wounded under a fire of shot and shell in such a manner as to call for special mention from the commanding officer." Rev. James W. Taylor, President of Vassar College and Professor Wilder's nearest summer neighbor, writes that he has great physical activity and endurance, and is an excellent boxer. Professor Wilder himself says that he has "never once experienced a malarial tremor, a dyspeptic pang, or a rheumatic twinge," and adds, "My possession of a liver is admitted solely upon grounds of anatomic analogy."

2. It follows that Professor Wilder's opposition to inter-collegiate football is not based upon any physical limitations of his own. But while unwilling to be misrepresented on this point, he regards the question as one affecting "the administration of large educational interests," and holds that "it might be dealt with wisely by a faculty composed exclusively of congenital cripples."

3. The resolution relating to inter-collegiate athletics, now before the Cornell faculty, has already laid on the table a year.

THE CENTRAL PARK AMBULANCE.

Your romance manufacturer works up the well-known episode: Proud Angelina drives in her handsomely appointed phaeton or rides her spirited hackney. An ill-fitting collar (not Angelina's) or a loose saddle-girth causes a runaway horse, and it is Alfred who in the nick of time saves the heroine's neck from dislocation.

That kind of thing, as far as a runaway is concerned, is an every-day occurrence in Central Park, New York. Though there be occasional nice young gentlemen who rescue nice young ladies from falls and contusions, for the stopping of horses in their "mad career," as far as Central Park is concerned, it is the Park police who are the true heroes. The reasons for this are obvious. The guardians of the Park are always on the lookout for such emergencies, and have much experience in this touch-and-go business.

Accidents, collisions, runaways, in Central Park, are then to these officers commonplace events. You can get your statistics. Taking the quarter ending December 31, 1894, there were 47 collisions, with 86 runaways, in Central Park. The mounted men on duty caught not less than 54 of these cases, and those on foot 23 of them, or over two-thirds of the whole, which is a statement quite complimentary to the alertness and efficiency of the men. Of course the collision, the smash-up, is when broken limbs and fatal injuries ensue. The culmination, the final crash, is for the most part so sudden that no human skill could prevent it.

An experienced policeman on duty at the Park will tell you that the majority of the smash-ups arise from the slow horse of the Sunday driver who is not a driver. This awkward person generally seems to labor under the conviction that he is the sole occupant of the road. He will turn in the wrong direction, block the way, and the inevitable happens—a smash.

There being, then, many accidents in Central Park, but not more than could be expected under the circumstances, the ambulance service is constantly called into requisition. Mr. Thulstrup's excellent sketch shows exact conditions. Galloping ahead is the mounted officer. It is his duty to clear the track. With much skill he finds the openings, and the ambulance dashes after him. The clanging bell is that ominous sound everybody in New York understands. Vehicles are drawn on one side, horsemen pull at their reins, and the ambulance hurries past to the scene of disaster. This particular service at Central Park is remarkably efficient, due to constant experience.

There are two seasons when there is a maximum of runaways and collisions, and they are during May and October. Should there be good sleighing, there are many accidents, though not serious ones, owing to the fact that a tumble in the snow is not dangerous, there being less shock. There are, however, quite independent of the horse as a factor, many accidents, such as arise from people hurting themselves in the Park and from sudden cases of sickness. Then there are suicides in the Park, and people will tumble into the water. The surgeon in charge of the ambulance service at Central Park has, then, no sinecure.

STATISTICS OF 1894

From the *Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular.*

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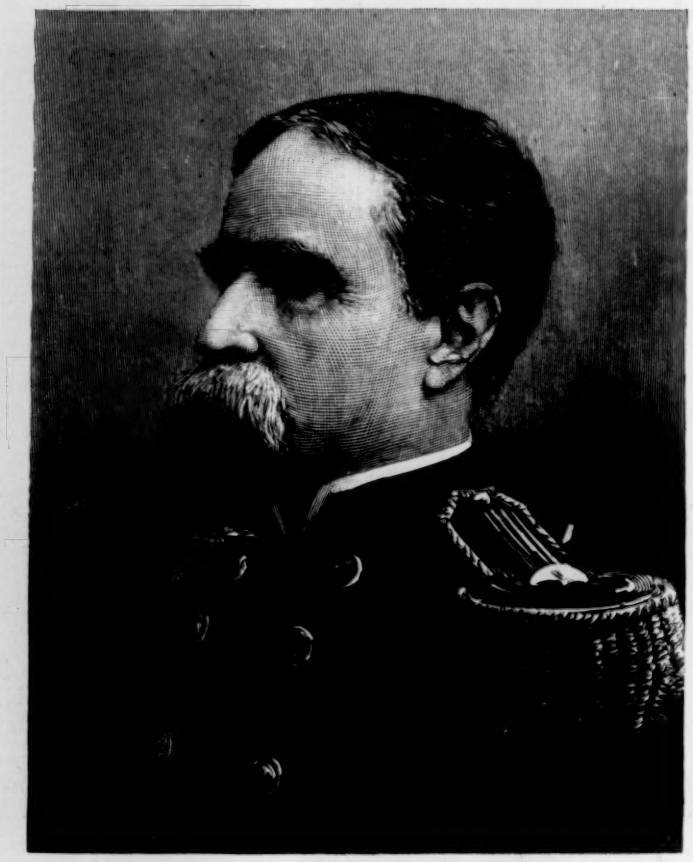
THE NEW JUDGE-ADVOCATE-GENERAL.



BRIGADIER-GENERAL GUIDO NORMAN LIEBER.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BELL.

AMONG the Prussian volunteers who fought with Blücher against Napoleon at Ligny and Waterloo was a medical student from Berlin named Francis Lieber, a youth whose revolutionary tendencies subsequently led to his persecution and imprisonment, and to his transfer to the United States after various vicissitudes of exile. Here he ended his days as an honored professor in Columbia College, leaving behind him a distinguished reputation as an author, and as one of the ablest publicists of our century. Of three sons born to Francis Lieber, one died of wounds received during our civil war at the battle of Williamsburg, and another was badly wounded in the battle of Fort Donelson. A third son, and the youngest, Guido Norman Lieber, has just been promoted to the rank of general officer as the head of the army department of Judge Advocates, having charge of the administration of military law.

Like his father and his two brothers, General Lieber has had his experience of war. He was born March 21, 1837, in Columbia, South Carolina, where his father was serving as Professor of History and Political Economy in the University of South Carolina. At this institution General Lieber was graduated in 1856, and at the Harvard Law School three years later. After a practice of two years at the New York bar, he entered the army, May 14, 1861, receiving the brevet of Captain for gallantry in the battle of Gaines Mill, and the full grade later on, serving meanwhile as Adjutant of his regiment, the Eleventh Infantry. He saw war service also at Yorktown, Malvern Hill, the second battle of Bull Run, and in the Teche and Red River campaigns of Louisiana, gaining a second brevet, that of Major, for gallantry, and at the close of the war the brevet of Lieutenant-Colonel for "faithful and meritorious services during the war." November 13, 1862, he was appointed Major and Judge Advocate of volunteer service, serving as such on the staff of General Banks.

February 25, 1867, Major Lieber was transferred from the infantry to the Judge-Advocate-General's department of the army, being on duty as professor of law at the United States Military Academy from 1878 until his transfer to the Bureau of Military Justice, Washington, in 1882. July 5, 1884, he was promoted to Colonel and Assistant Judge-Advocate-General. His final promotion to the highest grade in his corps makes no change in his duties, as he has been at the head of his corps since the suspension of its chief, General Swaim. It is, however, a recognition of the ability with which he has discharged the duties of the office, in which he bore the responsibilities of a department chief without being granted the rank and privileges which belong with them. His promotion is in strict accord with right principles of selection, and it receives the cordial approval of the members of his corps.

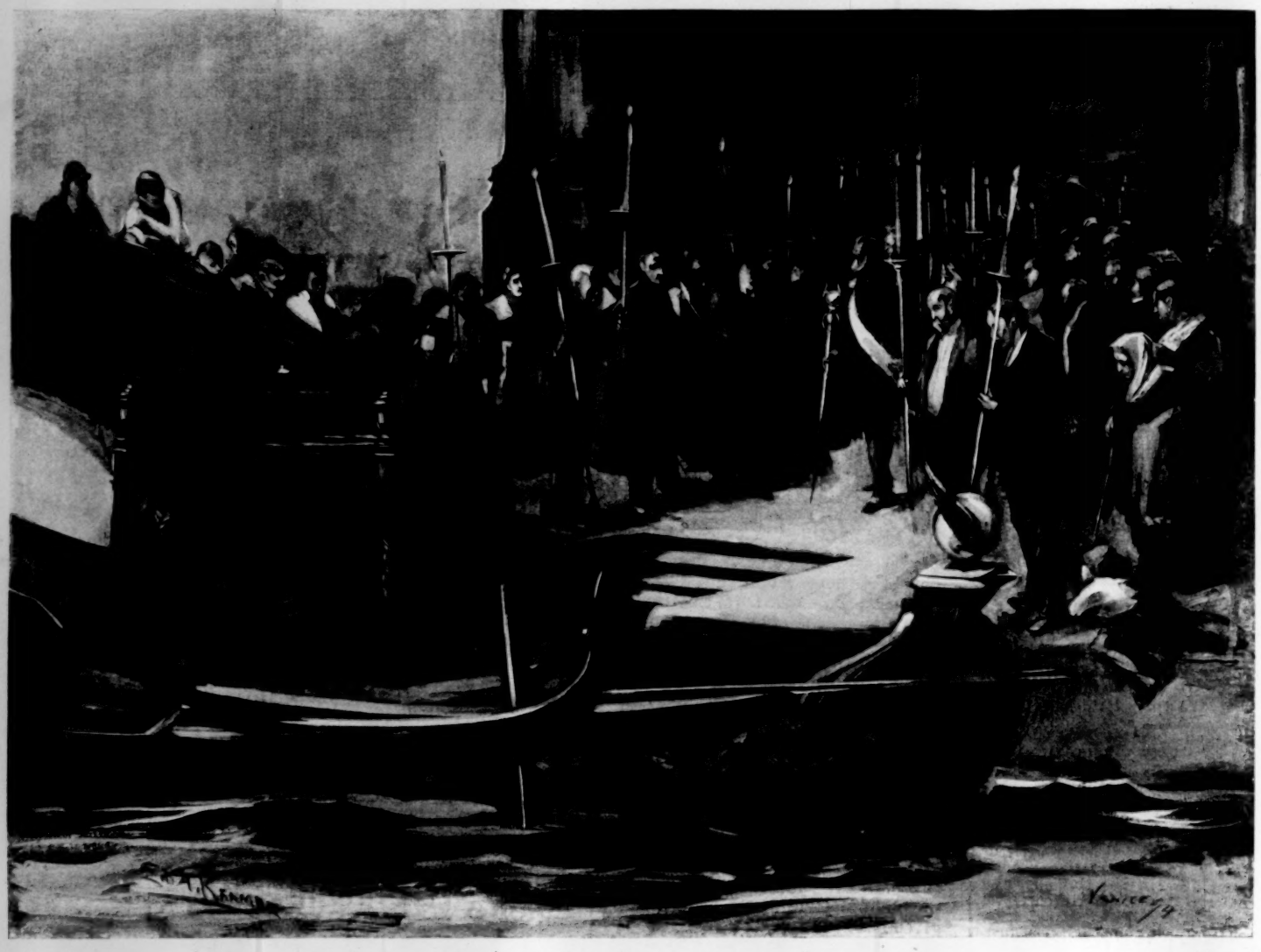
To the place of Colonel and Assistant-Judge-Advocate General vacated by the promotion of General Lieber has been advanced William Winthrop, who thirty-five years ago marched to the front in the ranks of the New York Seventh with his brother Theodore Winthrop, the soldier author, whose death at Big Bethel was one of the early tragedies of our civil war.

WILLIAM CONANT CHURCH.

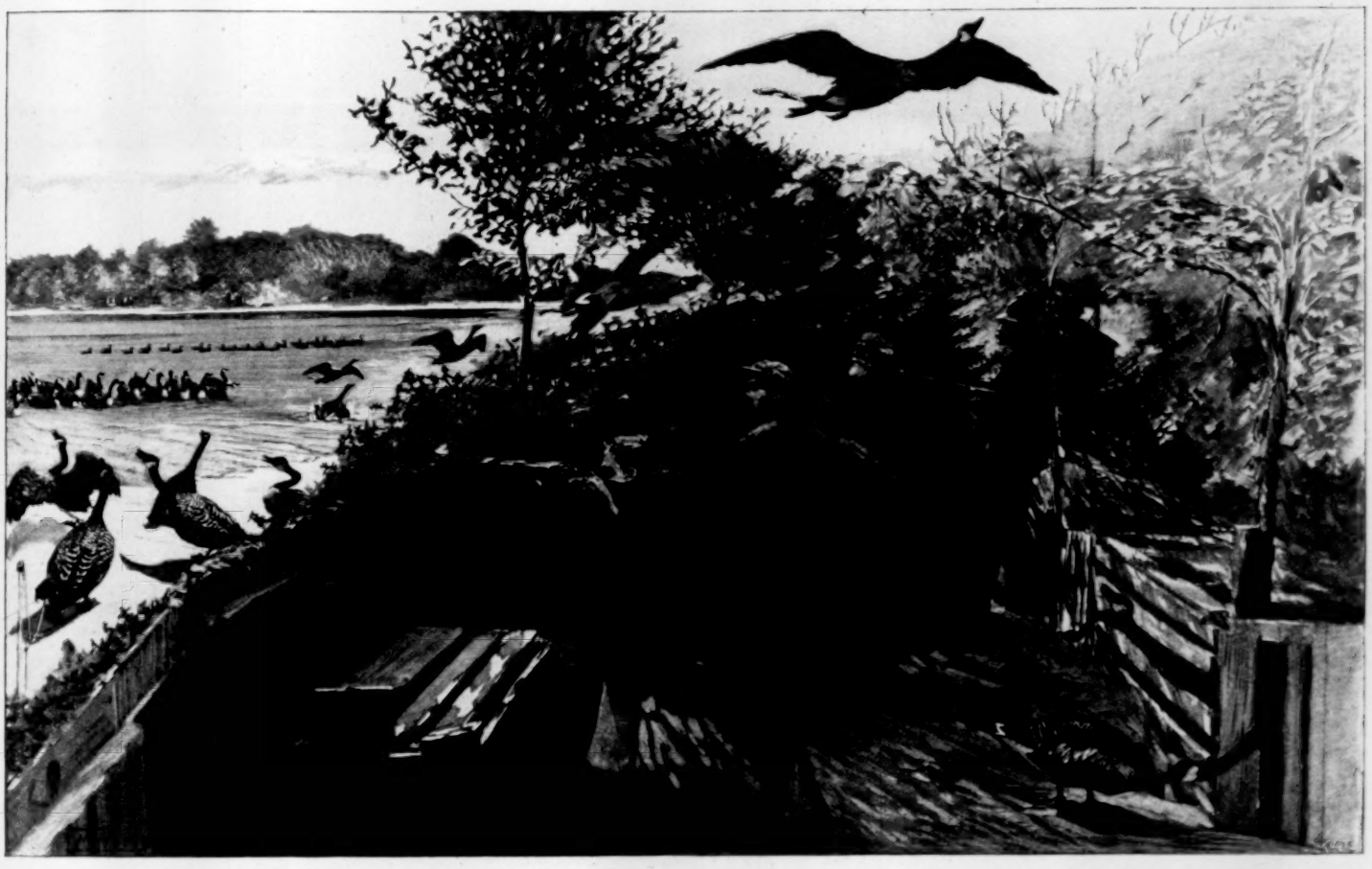
A VENETIAN FUNERAL.

CEREMONIALS in Latin countries are apt to have a something of grandeur which they frequently lack in northern Europe and in the countries where Anglo-Saxon blood predominates. The levelling effects of democracy are felt, however, both in France and Italy, and the tendency is all towards greater simplicity in the affairs of life, and even in those of death. Modern funerals are not what they were a few generations ago, but they will possibly retain the pomp and the ceremony of the olden time longer than other less serious occasions. The nodding plume and the tolling bell, even in America, are still for him who during life clothed himself in nothing more magnificent than homespun. In those Latin countries, however, when the family in which there has been a death is poor, there is a very scant ceremonial, and the burial is always conducted by a society to which a small fee is paid. When the dead was a person of wealth, or of social or political consequence, then in Venice, at least, the funeral is conducted with great magnificence. The picture of a funeral on this page shows the procession just as it approaches the canal where the funeral-barge is in waiting to take the corpse to the parish church.

The procession to the barge is as imposing as it can be made by a professional master of ceremonies and by hired mourners who carry tapers. In the picture it is the master of ceremonies who leads the way with solemn and graceful dignity. When the coffin has been deposited on the barge this individual takes his place, staff in hand, in the bow of the bark, and assuming a position of great dignity, appears to pilot the boat and the gondolas which follow. In his *Venetian Life*, Mr. Howells tells us that anciently there was a great show of mourning for the dead in Venice, and that the friends and kinsmen of the deceased, after having seen the body deposited in the "church," fell to weeping and howling, tore their hair and rent their clothes, and withdrew forever from that church, thenceforth become for them a place of abomination. Decenter customs prevailed in after-times, and there was a pathetic dignity in the ceremony of condolence among patricians; the mourners on the day following the interment repaired to the porticos of the Rialto and the court of the Ducal Palace, and their friends came, one after one, and expressed their sympathy by a mute pressure of the hand. "Death, however," continues Mr. Howells, "is hushed up as much as possible in modern Venice. The corpse is hurried from the house of mourning to the parish church, where the friends after the funeral service take leave of it. Then it is placed in a boat and carried to the burial-ground, where it is quickly interred."



A VENETIAN FUNERAL.—DRAWN BY E. A. KRAMER.



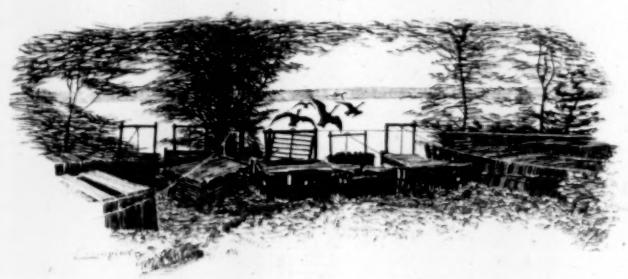
HUNTING WILD-GEESE WITH LIVE DECOYS—READY TO FIRE.—Drawn by George E. Errington.

AMATEUR SPORT

Mr. Caspar W. Whitney has lately left on an extended trip covering a distance of two thousand miles through the Barren Ground of North British America. It is Mr. Whitney's intention to gather material for a series of articles on "Snow-shoes, Dog-sledges, and Big Game" in this almost unknown country, and to study the habitat of the Musk-Ox, the Wood-Bison, and the other game animals of the region. Mr. Whitney will penetrate, by means of dog-sledges and snow-shoes, far north into the interior just east of the Rocky Mountains. He will be accompanied on this trip by Mr. A. H. H. Heming, the artist. During Mr. Whitney's absence this department will be filled with contributions from well-known writers upon special subjects relating to Amateur Sport.

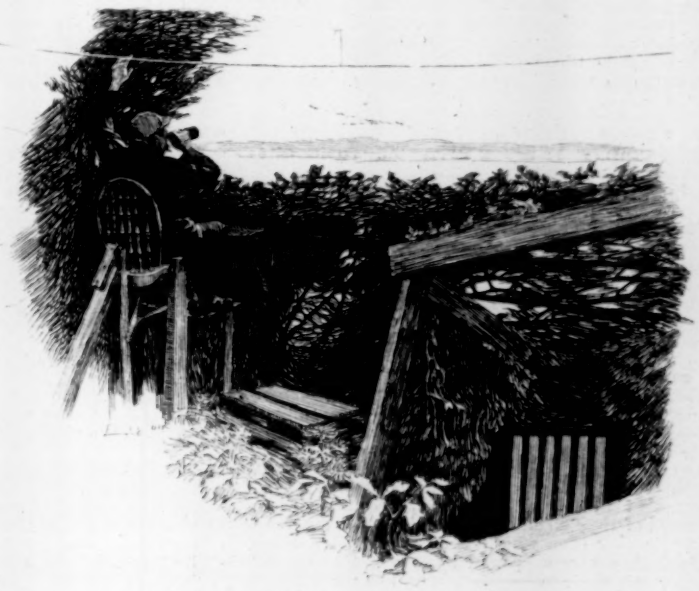
HUNTING WILD-GEESE WITH LIVE DECOYS.

Nearly a month before the wild-geese begin to fly south the gunners of eastern Massachusetts have begun to prepare for their appearance. On the lakes lying a few miles back from the coast are extensive permanent stands, with houses attached, belonging to gunning clubs that occupy them during the shooting season. These stands depend for their success upon a system of decoying wild-geese by means of live birds that have grown up in this locality. Many of the older members of these clubs have watched the evolution of the "coyer," from the time when it was considered quite a trick to hitch a wild-gander on the shore of a lake to call down the wild flock, till some genius of the woods, taking advantage of the pairing instinct of wild-geese and the great length of time that the goslings keep with the parent birds, conceived the idea of using flying decoys. From this period the breeding of "coyers" for the stands became a regular local industry, followed principally by the managers which each stand employs. The stand-manager is an important person, who is appointed to his position on account of his judgment and skill in handling the decoys, as well as for his shooting ability, which, of course, must be first-rate. Some time before the opening of the season the decoy-geese are brought to the stand; if the managers and the club members have not raised enough, the required number is made up by buying wherever they can be got. The regular price is five dollars for a gosling flier and twenty-five for the parent pair. The goslings and some one-year-olds are used for flying, and are penned separately by broods, which usually number five. The goslings make the best birds on the wing, as their parents have not tried to wean them, but one-year-olds do well if the old birds have not raised a brood since they were hatched. The whole system depends upon the strength of the family tie which exists between the old pair and their brood. It is only necessary to hold the gander to control the whole family. As soon as they are received all the fly-geese are "stradded"—that is, a leathern thong is fastened to one or both legs to distinguish them from wild-geese when they get mixed up in a flock; variations in the design of the "strads" mark the separate broods, and make it easier to get the birds back into their proper pens after flying. Great care is necessary to keep track of the relationships, for the birds let loose must have a parent tethered on the beach to make the flying effective and to insure the return of the goslings.



RELEASING THE DECOYS.

The stand at Widgeon Point, Silver Lake, consists of a long line of breastworks along the shore of the lake. Inside are the pens for decoys, except certain broods of fliers that are kept in pens on the edge of the bluff. At the extremity of the stand farthest from the house is a watch-house with stove; from it a flight of steps leads to the lookout chair on the bluff, where a man sits night and day through all weathers, the watch being timed according to the number of men at the stand. Over the lookout's head is a cord connected with a pen of fliers on the bluff. In front of him, on a shelf, is a field-glass, while a screen of brush rises nearly to the level of his eyes. When a flock of geese appears, he pulls open the fly-pen, and the liberated goslings starting from a height are at once well up in the air in plain sight of the wild birds; their sudden appearance also arouses their parents, which are tethered on the beach and immediately begin calling to their goslings. To the wild birds looking down on the lake it seems alive with birds of their own kind, for great numbers of dummy blocks are anchored out in the water, which appear all the more alive that real birds are flying about and calling to each other, while all evidence of the stand, house, and pens is hidden by screens of brushwood, so as to look like the surrounding woods. The first sign of attention that the wild-geese show is the breaking of their V formation, when they begin to fly in circles, each revolution bringing them nearer the surface of the lake, until the V has become a long line flying close to the water. Suddenly they set their wings by a quick upward motion, thrust out their feet, and slide into the water all together with an audible swish. If they alight near the stand no more decoys are flown, but the birds already out are supposed to bring the game within gunshot. It often happens that the wild flock lights at a distance, and may tax all the ingenuity of the stand-manager to bring them in. He must know which of his ganders should or should not be on the beach, and which brood, if any, he should fly. The birds tethered on the beach are fastened to pulley lines which go back into the stand through what are called goose-holes in the bottom of the breastwork. By means of these holes and lines the birds can be taken in or pulled out without attracting any attention, and thus secure the right note at the critical moment.



THE LOOKOUT ON WATCH.

When the wild birds are finally brought within range there must be perfect coolness and discipline among the gunners, who are waiting with finger on trigger for the word from the manager. His decoys may be mixed up with the wild flock, or at least in the line of fire. A greenhorn firing too soon might shoot valuable birds that would cripple the team for the season. It takes a very skilful eye to tell the birds apart when they are in the water, but in the air the "strads" afford ample identification. After the shooting, if there are any cripples, a boat is run out of a screened door in the end of the stand farthest from the watch-house, and they are immediately run down; around the lake are several native "cripple-hunters," as the stand men call them, who capture any crippled goose that gets ashore. After night shooting, the cripple-hunters are apt to reap a rich harvest, as more cripples are made then, and they are often able to get ashore in the darkness. It is needless to say that the cripple-hunters are cordially hated by the stand men.

The gunners' quarters and their manner of living must not be omitted. The building consists of two rooms, one serving for kitchen, eating and smoking room, the other filled with bunks. All the windows have close shutters, so that not a ray of light can escape from the building at night. The hanging lamp has a curtain suspended from the ceiling that shuts off the rays from striking on the ground outside when any one opens the door. While the establishment keeps a regular cook, many of the members are fully capable of taking his place in case of emergency and cooking the game they shoot. The writer can testify to the excellence of the cuisine while a guest at the stand, both professional and amateur, also to the enjoyment of

the evenings, when, the supper over, the shutters up and the lookout posted, the pipes were lit and a veteran gunner, sitting in the light of the screened lamp, while the rest of us sat in the shadow, told goose stories of famous calling ganders and of wonderful flying when the lake was filled with geese night and day, and the men shot till they were too tired to see or to pull a trigger.

The number of men at the stands varies. There may be times when the manager and cook are the only occupants. Many of the members are business men who come down when they get a chance for a few days and nights at the stand. Everything is always kept in readiness for any wild fowl that may appear; though the objective point is geese, duck decoys are kept and many wild ones shot.

The lake region of eastern Massachusetts is well situated for wild-fowl. The lakes lie in pine and oak woods but a few miles from a coast that at low tide affords excellent feeding; when the tide rises the birds fly to the fresh lakes to drink. GEORGE E. ERRINGTON.

THE SAILING-CANOE—ITS DEVELOPMENT AND DECLINE.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

II.

THE lateen or Lord Ross rig was introduced by that nobleman into Canada many years since, and was used there as a useful adjunct to the open Canadian canoe, a paddling rather than a sailing craft. When canoeing found a home in Cincinnati, under the support of the late Judge Longworth, about 1879, this same lateen was adopted and used exclusively by the Cincinnati C.C. men. In a small size, under 50 feet, it was a marked feature of the early races at Lake George, but by 1882 it had grown, on larger and more powerful canoes, to an area of 90 feet, with a boom 15 feet long. Though dangerous and unwieldy, and not readily handled or reefed, in the hands of a strong and skilful sailor it was a very effective sail, and the work done with it by Mr. Heighway at this time and later excited the admiration of all who witnessed it.

The standing lug-sail was used to a limited extent about New York, mainly by Mr. Vaux, prior to the advent of the *Queen Mab* and her Anglo-Chinese battened lug. This new sail, however, soon replaced the miscellaneous collection of sliding-gunters, sprit-sails, leg-of-mutton, gaff, and standing lug-sails of the New York fleet, and in 1882, and for several years after, the square-headed balance-lug of about 70 square feet, with bamboo spars, battens, and automatic reefing-gear, and with a big red ball in the peak, was somewhere near the front in the finish of nearly every canoe-race of importance.

Up to 1882 the two leaders in canoeing were the New York and Cincinnati clubs, and nearly all improvements in model, build, and rig originated with their members; in this year, however, a powerful rival appeared in the Mohican Canoe Club, organized the previous season at Albany. The first efforts of the club were directed to canoe-cruising, then to some mild sailing under difficulties on the Hudson at Albany, a narrow river with bad winds and obstructed by traffic. The first few days at an A.C.A. meet in 1882 turned the club into an enthusiastic racing organization, and set every member to work improving canoes and rigs. The work in the line of invention of the "Turtles," as they are familiarly known from their club totem, makes a remarkable record. To them are due the settee-sail known by their name, the fixed deck seat, the drop-rudder, the "jam" cleat, the locking-tiller, and many improvements in the line of smooth-skin construction. The record of invention and improvement made between 1882 and 1886 by Oliver, Gibson, Thomas, and the brothers Wackerhagen has never been equalled in any other club.

In sitting on the deck in sailing, the legs of the canoeist came in forcible contact with the coaming of the well, to the detriment of both, the legs being chafed and the coaming sometimes broken. To remedy this, a piece of mahogany as thick as the height of the coaming on the inner edge and tapering to $\frac{1}{8}$ inch on the outer edge, was fitted to each side deck, making a slightly higher and more comfortable seat, and strengthening the deck itself. Soon this primitive seat was enlarged by being raised at the outer edge, keeping the canoeist a little higher and dryer—or rather less wet. It was an ingenious Mohican who, in 1884, devised a beautiful and artistic combination seat, a wide board of mahogany extending across the after-end of the well and resting on the coaming, the ends coming just even with the gunwale of the canoe, on which they were supported by cleats. The centre portion was hinged, so as to be swung to a vertical position when the crew sat below in paddling, the inside being upholstered or elaborately carved, forming a rest for the back. In sailing, this piece was closed down flush with the fixed portion, the whole making a smooth seat about 10 inches wide and 30 inches long. It is this apparently harmless, in fact luxurious, piece of canoe furniture which has proved the Trojan horse of racing, leading directly to greatly increased speed, and a proportionately decreased number of racing men and canoes.

Three successive meets at Lake George served to establish the Association on a permanent basis, and to make it known throughout the United States and Canada, canoeing meanwhile gaining new converts, and many clubs being formed. When the time came for the fourth meet, at Stony Lake, Ontario, in 1883, the racing had attained some systematic form, under the influence of the new rules, and the number of aspirants for sailing and paddling honors had greatly increased. The feature of the racing was the début of Mr. R. W. Gibson, of the Mohican C.C., in the canoe *Snake*, a 14 by 30 lap-streak craft, fitted with a fan centreboard, the Mohican settee, and a new sail. This sail, in principle a lateen with the forward angle of the triangle cut away, was developed and perfected by the Mohicans, the details of halyards, downhaul, and reefing-gear being very ingeniously arranged, and it soon came into very general use.

Dating from the Stony Lake meet, a strong but friendly rivalry sprung up between the salt-water sailors of the New York C. C., with their shot-ballasted craft and big balance-lugs, and the fresh-water "Turtles" from Albany, with unballasted canoes and the Mohican settee. While the racing at the meet was the great event of the year, it was supplemented by much club and inter-club racing at the numerous canoeing centres, such as Albany, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Springfield, and New York.

The meet of 1884, at Grindstone Island, found canoeing in a particularly flourishing condition; the large attendance was made up of delegations from prominent canoe clubs, each with a neat club uniform and a group of tents, all of one pattern, surrounding the club flag-staff. The canoes were one and all true cruising-craft, bearing honorable scars as evidence of their cruises in the spring down the Delaware, the Hudson, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, the Connecticut, and the St. Lawrence. Many of the members attended the meet as an incident of a summer canoe cruise, coming in their canoes from all directions, to return by rail, or coming by rail, and departing in their canoes for long cruises down the St. Lawrence and the two lakes, Champlain and George, to New York and beyond. Every canoe carried a tent and a camp outfit, including all necessary cooking-traps, and there was hardly less rivalry over the possession of such gear than over the racing honors.

With all this cruising to the fore, the men were keen over racing, and every prominent canoeist had, in addition to his cruising-rig, a suit of the largest sails he could carry in light weather. Though most of the canoes were lap-streak, and far from the perfection of canoe-building since attained, they were strong, stanch, and excellent craft. All models were represented, the light Class A, an outgrowth of the *Rob Roy*, the standard 14 by 30 canoe evolved from the *Nautilus* in an infinite variety of model by many builders, and the *Pearl* type, represented by some well-built canoes from the Toronto C.C. The races were marked by large entry lists and by keen and exciting contests on the triangle on Eel Bay; and in the grand review, after the paddling division had passed the Commodore, a fleet of sixty little craft under full sail swept grandly by—a sight that will not soon again be seen at an A.C.A. meet.

The course of canoeing in 1885 showed little change from the previous year, the one point of special importance being the general adoption of a deck seat, a board about six inches wide, of ash, cherry, or mahogany, securely fastened across the well, the ends in some cases extending a little beyond the sides of the canoe.

The year 1886, the last of the three at Grindstone, was an important one. In the first place the announcement was made early in the winter of the projected visit of two of the leading canoeists of the Royal Canoe Club, Mr. W. Baden-Powell, with a new *Nautilus*, and Mr. Walter Stewart, in a new *Pearl*, built for him by Mr. Tredwin.

The skill and agility of some of the leading canoeists, such as Mr. Gibson, had thus far enabled them to keep in the front rank with the same canoes in which they had first learned to sail; but, as new men and new models came in, they felt the necessity of replacing their old craft with others of more modern build, and *Snake* gave place to *Vesper*, *Dot* to *Sea Bee*, and then to *Lassie;* and to these were added a fleet of new craft, such as *Guenn*, *Rat*, *Blanche*, and *Pecowsic*.

The meet and the races were very successful; the arrival of the two English canoeists with their strange craft, their races with the Americans, and the keen rivalry between *Lassie*, *Vesper* and *Pecowsic*, kept the camp in continual excitement.

All of this, however, was of little moment beside an incident which attracted but trifling notice at the time, but which has changed the whole course of canoeing. The tendency for some time had been in the direction of a higher and longer deck seat, giving a greater command of the canoe and a drier and easier position; but thus far no one had used a seat projecting more than five or six inches beyond the side of the canoe. On such a seat a tall, heavy man, if at all active, had a very great advantage over a shorter and lighter one. Among those who had followed the racing very carefully, without aspiring to an active part was Mr. Paul Butler, of the Vesper Boat Club, of Lowell, Massachusetts. Of light weight and short stature, though phenomenally quick and active, he was still at a serious disadvantage on a deck seat in a contest with such men as R. W. Bailey, Gibson, or Whitlock.

In attacking the problem of equalizing this disadvantage of weight he hit upon the solution of lengthening the lever arm by a very ingenious device. Using the same fixed deck seat as the other sailors of the day, he added to it a second board, of the same size, but fitted to slide on the first one. Thus when on one tack the upper board was slid far out to windward, the canoeist, after a little practice, seating himself on the extreme end. In going about, the slide was released, and run across the canoe to leeward just as the craft came into the wind; by the time she had filled away, the agile crew was again astride his "piazza" to windward. The triumph of brain over beef and brawn was complete, in fact for a long time the lighter and more agile men, like Butler and Vaux, were able to do better work on the sliding-seat than the heavier and usually less active sailors. Important as the invention was, its full recognition and adoption did not come until some three years later, the fine sailing of Mr. Brokaw in *Eclipse*, at the 1888 meet, being done on a short fixed deck seat.

On its first appearance in 1886, the Butler seat attracted comparatively little attention, being looked upon as ingenious but of little practical value. What did attract attention, and for a time monopolized all discussion, was the standing rig of the *Pecowsic*. This canoe, designed and sailed by Mr. E. H. Barney, then a staid business man past the prime of life, but a boy in his love of canoeing, was a departure in the direction of the extreme unballasted craft.

Designed solely for sailing races, the model was more cut away than in the all-around canoes then in general use, the construction was light and simple, and all hatches and cruising attachments were dispensed with. Her few metal fittings were of novel and neat design, the work of her owner. The rig was a marked departure, the sails were three in number, or rather a set of five of various sizes, three being carried at one time. They were particularly small, with very light spars, and were all rigged without halyards, being permanently fastened to the masts. In use the entire outfit could be carried below-deck, any one, two, or three being set as occasion required, one mast being lifted out and stowed below and another shipped in its place.

It was this new rig, peculiar both in the shape and fitting of each sail and in the combination of all, that from the first attracted the attention of canoeists, though there was much about the canoe and her sister *Lacowsic*, built late that year, that was novel and good. It must be said, however, that *Pecowsic* was most of all a departure in that she sacrificed internal space and the displacement necessary to carry a cruising load, and was thus one of the first steps from the all-around canoe to the sailing racer.

The international races at the meet, and later at New York for the challenge cup of the New York Canoe Club, resulted in the total defeat of the two heavy displacement canoes, *Nautilus* and *Pearl*, disclosing a simple solution of an apparent mystery—the great success of these types on the Thames, and the failure of similar craft built here when matched by the lighter American canoes. The two models were, in lines, fittings, and rig, the outgrowth of strongly marked local conditions—a narrow winding river, the courses made up of short legs, with much manœuvring and tacking, and the winds broken by trees and buildings. Under these conditions the canoes were very fast compared with the local racing-boats of much greater size and power, but at the same time the conditions were such as make handiness, quickness of turning, and initial stability of much greater value than actual speed through the water on a long straight course.

The American canoe had been developed under radically different conditions, even the river craft of Albany and Springfield being designed above all to sail on the 1½-mile triangle on Lake George or the St. Lawrence, or to compete with the New York men in their own waters. It is this all-around service demanded of American canoes which has prevented the production of local types successful in all home races and failing elsewhere.

The course of canoe-design from 1886 to the great meet of 1890 may be briefly summarized. In the first place, as the interest in sailing increased, new models of more elaborate and expensive construction, and fitted specially for sailing—boats far too fine to be taken on the usual spring cruise, or to run the risk of a scratch or bruise in every-day work—took the place of the all-around boats of the Grindstone period. Gradually, as men ceased to use these canoes for cruising, the large well disappeared, the bulk-heads coming closer together until there was just room to sit below deck. The speed and simplicity of the Barney rig led to the general adoption of the standing sail; but while on the *Pecowsic* a safe limit of 40 to 50 feet to a sail was observed, similar sails of 100 square feet were soon common.

The fixed deck seat held its own until 1888, after that year giving place to the Butler slide, and this in turn was made stronger and longer each season until it has reached finally a natural limit in a length of six feet, the tallest sailor-man now sitting far outside the canoe.

These general changes were accompanied by a perfection of detail in finish and fitting of hull, sails, spars, and rigging that could only be attained by the expenditure of unlimited time and no small amount of money. The man who went to a meet to race had no time for cruising or even for camp life; every moment was devoted to polishing the canoe with oil and pumice-stone, to greasing and refitting a swollen deck slide, to stretching, mending, and altering sails, overhauling gear, and oiling spars. Not only was a higher degree of skill in sailing, and an activity acquired and retained only by constant training and practice, required to win races, but it became also as necessary that a man should be an adept in wood and metal working, in the construction of hollow spars, and the planning and making of cleats, tillers, and rudders. True, all of these things can be bought, but the men who have made best use of the tools of match-sailing are those, like Mr. Butler, who have invented and constructed their own.

The meet of 1890, the first "salt-water" meet, witnessed the culmination of the old popular all-around canoeing and canoe-racing, the veterans, with a few exceptions, being still in the great field of starters which, with a total entry list of 71, made white the waters of Shelter Island Sound. It marked, however, the valedictory of many who had hardly missed a meet since the early ones at Lake George.

The tendencies then plainly evident have since reached an extreme form; the development of the sliding-seat was held for a short time at a moderate point, as the tiller then in use, even when supplemented by a hinged handle, did not permit the crew to get far away from the middle line of the canoe. This hitch, however, was overcome by Mr. Butler in the thwart-ship tiller now universally used, a stout handle of ash or oak, as long as the slide, and so swivelled on the mizzenmast as to slide freely from side to side. The old deck tiller was simply a means of steering the canoe; the thwart-ship tiller is much more—a strong serviceable handle by which the canoeist not only steers his craft, but balances himself on his seat, far out over the dancing waves, while sheets are belayed hard and fast, as in a cutter, the craft being held up by the weight of the body sliding in and out as each lull is followed by a puff. The shortened cockpit of 1890 has become to-day but a shallow "bath-tub," in which to put the feet at times, the hull being thus made a water-tight vessel that can be capsized and righted with impunity. With the increase of the slide the sail plan has grown until an area of 160 square feet is not uncommon, and not difficult to carry in a light-weather race.

To sail such a craft, a modern 16 by 30 canoe with 150 square feet of sail and a six-foot slide, is an experience that can hardly be equalled in the whole range of pleasure-sailing. It is exhilarating and exciting to the degree of intoxication—a flight through the air on a light, swaying and bending plank, dashing through the tops of the waves, now high above them and now drenched with spray, nothing more material than air and water within reach save the swelling white sails and a narrow strip of wet mahogany deck six feet away; yacht-racing in large cutters, ice-yachting, even the high-speed steam-launch, give way in pleasurable excitement before this acme of canoe-sailing.

Grand as it is, the play is not worth the candle; there was more canoeing, more camp life, and there were more good true canoeists, in the days of the old lap-streak tub, with keel and garboards scored by rock and driftwood and railroad travel, with crude and baggy sails, and a well that was at times not a foot-bath but an honest old-fashioned bath-tub, than in these *fin de siècle* days of three or four racers at a meet. Regrets, however, are useless; canoe-sailing has run a certain course, inevitable in its case as in all sports. The most that can be said is that by timely and conservative action the too rapid course of over-development and perfection might have been retarded for some years; but, lacking such action in the past, it is too late for any remedy that will bring back the old fleets and the old sailors.

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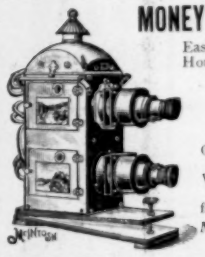

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